

The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1915.

Summary of the News

Interest in the political aspects of the war during the past week, so far as Americans are concerned, has centred principally on the relations between this country and Germany. As we write, four matters await adjustment between the two countries: the question of the sailing vessel William P. Frye, sunk by the Eitel; the affair of the German ship Odenwald; the claim in respect to the American citizen Thrasher, who perished when the Falaba was torpedoed, and the remarkable memorandum which has been communicated to this Government by Count von Bernstorff and the contents of which were given out by him for publication to the press without consultation with the State Department.

The last matter, as we point out elsewhere, raises the most serious issue that has yet come up between the United States and Germany. The memorandum, as presented and published by the German Ambassador, contained no indication as to whether he was acting under instructions from his Government or on his own responsibility. Subsequently it was stated at the German Embassy that the former was the case, and the breach of diplomatic propriety is therefore confined to the fact, first, that Count von Bernstorff omitted in presenting the note to mention that he did so by direction of his Government, and, secondly, that he gave it out for publication without the courtesy of consulting the Government to which he is accredited. The note itself, couched in language none too conciliatory, upbraids the Government of the United States for allowing arms and ammunition to be shipped to the Allies, and in effect charges it with having been false to its declared attitude of neutrality. We comment in greater detail elsewhere on this curious document.

The reply of the German Government to the American note in regard to the sinking of the William P. Frye was made public on April 8. The answer indicated an entire willingness to pay both for the cargo and the vessel, if it should be proved that both were owned by American citizens at the time of their destruction. This willingness, however, is based not on international law, according to which the German Government justifies the action of the commander of the Eitel Friedrich in sinking the vessel, but on two old treaties of 1799 and 1828 between Prussia and the United States, to which the American note had made no allusion. As we write, no further information in regard to these negotiations has been published. We comment in our editorial columns on some of the interesting admissions involved in the German note.

In regard to the loss of the American citizen Leon Chester Thrasher when the British steamship Falaba was torpedoed by a German submarine, although no communication has as yet been addressed to the German Government on the subject, the latter apparently took time by the forelock by addressing

on April 6 an "official message from Berlin" to the German Embassy in Washington, pointing out that neutral passengers on board British ships were warned in due time not to cross the "war zone," and the German Government was therefore not responsible for anything that might happen to them.

The fourth case under consideration is that of the German merchant ship Odenwald, which was stopped when she attempted to leave San Juan, Porto Rico, and which has been detained there since that time by the authorities of the United States. The German contention, contained in a statement given out by the German Embassy in Washington on April 6, is, first, that the Collector of Customs of San Juan, by withholding clearance papers from the Odenwald for three days, made it necessary for her commander to put to sea without them in order to avoid being destroyed by British warships which were waiting outside the harbor, and, secondly, that the fort fired on the vessel with solid shot without the usual preliminary warning of a blank shot to prevent her leaving the harbor. The case, as we write, is still under consideration.

In reply to the Dutch note protesting against the sinking of the Medea by a German submarine and the seizure of the steamships Batavier V and Zaanstroom, the German Government, according to a Reuter dispatch from Amsterdam, has expressed the opinion that the action was in accordance with the terms of the Declaration of London, but announces that the question of justification will be submitted to a prize court as soon as possible.

Rumor has been as busy as usual with the position of Italy, taking the form of late that Italy is alarmed by the reports that Austria contemplates concluding a separate peace with the Allies in order that she may be free to resist Italian ambitions in Trentino. Serious riots occurred in Italy on Sunday at meetings held for the propagation of war and peace. The most significant report that has come is perhaps that from Geneva, on April 9, that Germany is stopping at the frontier stations all empty Italian freight cars bound homewards.

Greece, according to a statement accredited to King Constantine by the Roman *Tribuna*, is in the same position of watchful neutrality as Italy. Meanwhile, relations between the King and ex-Premier Venizelos have become strained to the breaking point as a result of the Government's repudiation of M. Venizelos's statement that he had been authorized by the King in January to take all necessary steps, including territorial concessions to Bulgaria, to obtain the participation of Bulgaria and Rumania in the war together with Greece. As a consequence of that repudiation, M. Venizelos announced his definite retirement from politics—a decision, however, which, it would appear, need not be taken too seriously, since its fulfilment must depend largely upon the result of the forthcoming Parliamentary elections.

The situation between Bulgaria and Servia arising out of the raid across the Servian

frontier on April 3, which we recorded last week, remains somewhat obscure. Bulgaria's explanation in reply to the Servian protest was given on April 6, and appears on the face of it, as it is regarded by the Parisian press, as a somewhat disingenuous document. An Italian newspaper, commenting on the incident, declares that Bulgaria "is playing a most audacious game which may cause all sorts of surprises," and the mystery is not illuminated by the correspondent of the *Petit Parisien* at Sofia, who states that he has been authorized by Premier Radoslavoff to say that "Bulgaria has thus far observed strict neutrality, but that a new situation has arisen in view of the action of the Allies in the East."

From a perceptible decrease in the activities of German submarines during the past week we may gather that most of these vessels have returned to their bases for rest and refreshment. Only three attacks on merchant ships have been reported since we wrote last week. On April 10 the British steamship Harpalyce, under charter to the Commission for Relief in Belgium, was reported sunk by a torpedo, only twenty-seven of her crew of forty-two being saved; on April 8, the French sailing vessel Chateaubriand was torpedoed, the crew in this case being allowed ten minutes to take to the boats; on April 12 news was received that the Harrison Line steamship Wayfarer had been struck by a submarine or mine off the Scilly Isles. The German Government has admitted the probable loss of the submarine U-29, which had already been reported destroyed by the British Admiralty.

The German auxiliary cruiser Prinz Eitel Friedrich definitely decided to intern at midnight on April 7, and was removed to the Norfolk navy yard. Her place at Newport News was unexpectedly taken on Sunday by the Kronprinz Wilhelm, the last of the German raiders at liberty, which eluded British warships and slipped into the harbor. Despite her commander's protestations to the contrary, it is expected that the Kronprinz Wilhelm will also intern.

The report, which we recorded in our issue of April 1, that Dr. Karl Liebknecht, the Socialist Deputy to the Reichstag, had been mustered into the Landsturm, was apparently unwarranted. It was denied in dispatches from Geneva on April 9, and the denial seems to be borne out by a telegram from Amsterdam, dated April 10, stating that pamphlets signed by German Socialists, among them Dr. Liebknecht, have been circulated in Holland asserting that the proletariat does not agree with the pro-war section of the Socialist party and that protests against the continuation of the war are increasing in Germany.

The deaths of the week include: James S. Bell, April 6; Francis Hopkinson Smith, April 7; Thomas R. Lounsbury, Dr. Friedrich Loeffler, Mgr. Charles McCready, Mrs. Emily M. Scott, April 9; Karl Bitter, Brig.-Gen. Samuel K. Schwenk, April 10; Mgr. Denis J. McMahon, Donald Nicholson, Dr. Louis Waldstein, April 11; Eben Plympton, April 12; William R. Nelson, April 13.

The Week

It is hard to divine the real motive of the German Ambassador in his highly irregular proceeding of criticising the Government of the United States. He did it in the form of a "Memorandum," left with the State Department. In this he did not state whether he acted under instructions. One Government may sometimes have to address sharp remonstrances to another, but an Ambassador does not make offensive remarks about the Government to which he is accredited. Count Bernstorff can scarcely be deliberately riding for a fall. Yet he is too experienced a diplomat not to know that his performance in setting himself up as a judge of American foreign and domestic policy must be regarded as either an unconscious display of what John Hay used to call Prussian Jackbootism, or else a purposed affront to this country. There is, to be sure, the possibility that it may be only another blunder of German diplomacy.

In behalf of Ambassador Bernstorff, it is stated at the German Embassy in Washington that he acted under instructions from Berlin in presenting his complaining "memorandum" to the State Department. The language of it, however, was his own, so it is implied. Thus he shoulders the indiscretions in which it abounds. The most glaring of these is his statement of what "the American people" must do if they "desire to observe true neutrality." This is a very near approach to going over the head of the Government to appeal to the voters, and is an unhappy imitation of the example of Citizen Genet, of whose doings and fate Count Bernstorff must have read. He may even have read this passage from a special message to Congress by George Washington, dated December 5, 1793:

It is with extreme concern that I have to inform you that the proceedings of the person whom they [the French] have unfortunately appointed their Minister Plenipotentiary here have breathed nothing of the friendly spirit of the nation which sent him. . . . So far as his acts, or those of his agents, have threatened our immediate commitment in the war, or flagrant insult to the authority of the laws, their effect has been counteracted by the ordinary cognizance of the laws, and by an exertion of the powers confided to me.

Germany was asked by the United States to pay for the Frye, sunk by the Eitel Friedrich, but not for her cargo, as this was not American-owned. But the reply of the German Foreign Office is that both ship and

cargo will be paid for. It adds, to be sure, that this will be done in pursuance of specific treaty agreements between Germany and the United States, and not under the general rules of international law. In this we have one proof more of the skill with which the American note to Germany on the subject was drafted. It made no legal argument whatever. It merely presented a statement of facts. So far as our State Department is concerned, Germany may allege any reasons she pleases for settling. All that our Government requested was that she settle. This she has now undertaken to do in the fullest way, though indicating that she will first, as a matter of form, allow the question to be passed upon in her own prize courts; and the incident is happily closed.

We cannot dismiss it, however, without pointing out some of the admissions, perhaps unconscious, in Minister von Jagow's reply to our Ambassador in Berlin. He takes it for granted that "Prussian" treaties of 1799 and 1828 are binding on Germany to-day. This has its obvious bearing on the Prussian treaty of 1839 guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium. While no one speaking officially for the German Government has denied the validity and obligation of that treaty, many apologists for Germany, in this country and elsewhere, have set up the claim that Germany could not be bound in 1914 by what Prussia set her hand to seventy-five years ago. The American professors who have gravely argued this should notice how the German Foreign Office cuts the ground from under their feet. Another implication—indeed, it is a distinct assertion—of the German note on the Frye case is that grain consigned to Queenstown, Falmouth, or Plymouth was contraband of war, since it was destined to "fortified places." This is exactly what the English have contended with respect to foodstuffs on the way to Hamburg and Bremen. Thus Herr von Jagow tacitly concedes their position, and this irrespective of the fact that the German Government has commandeered all articles of food. One other matter. The German Foreign Office, in laboring the point that the commander of the Eitel Friedrich was scrupulous in complying with the international rules of war, shows how careful he was to assure the safety of the crew of the Frye. It would be interesting to get Minister von Jagow's reasons why these same rules of war do not compel captains of German submarines to observe the same humanity.

Since the issue of fact, as between the Controller of the Currency and the Riggs National Bank of Washington, has been brought into court by a suit and a counter-suit, it will be proper to suspend judgment on the accusations made by either party. The nature of these accusations, by the bank against Controller Williams and by Controller Williams against the bank, is such, however, as to make desirable and necessary a thorough sifting of all the evidence. This is the more essential in that the controversy between the Controller's office and the bank has been confused and obscured in the public mind by the general knowledge of a personal feud existing, as between Mr. Williams and the interests controlling the Riggs Bank, before the present national banking administration took office. It does not follow that the charges submitted by the Controller's office are unfounded; but it is indispensable that, in justice to all parties concerned, there should be an impartial and authoritative inquiry into all the allegations. The strongest prima facie point made by the Controller is his specific assertion of loans made to officers of the bank on depreciated collateral. The strongest made in the bank's rejoinder is its equally specific assertion of abusive and undignified personal communication by high Treasury officers to the bank's officials. The exact truth must now be made public.

Capt. Matthew E. Hanna's conviction that our coast defences are inadequate is plainly strong. Yet it is a strange fact that a retired cavalry officer has paid so little attention to the recent opinions of Generals Crozier and Weaver, genuine artillery experts. Capt. Hanna thinks that the latest type of battleship "could lie off New York harbor, completely out of range of the guns in our fortifications, and could drop shells on the fortifications, and possibly within the suburban limits. The guns would be perfectly helpless to prevent it." He thinks that we are years behind Europe in such provision for war. Has the captain read Gen. Weaver's testimony, now available in the report of the sub-committee in charge of the Fortification Appropriation bill, that "I know of no fortifications in the world, as far as my reading, observation, and knowledge go, that compare favorably in efficiency with ours"? Has he read Gen. Weaver's further testimony that our Hawaiian and Philippine fortifications are adequate, for, "while the most recent ships have guns of higher power than ours, as now mounted they are not able to reach

us beyond 21,000 yards"? Gen. Crozier agreed with his colleague, saying that "I have not any belief that naval vessels, even when their guns would permit them to fire at a greater range" than ours, "would attempt . . . to injure our fortifications by bombardment, because the chances of inflicting injury would be so small that they would not consider the waste of ammunition justified." Even Capt. Hanna admits that a few changes in carriages and powder-chambers would make our guns equal to the best of foreign navies.

The plurality of 140,000 for the Republican candidate for Mayor of Chicago last week, dwarfing previous figures into insignificance, has been hailed by Republicans the country over as the handwriting on the wall for the Democrats next year. Not a Mayor for Chicago in 1915, but a President in 1916, is, in their view, the stake for which the battle was fought. Nor can it be denied that there is an element of truth in this position. An attempt was made to show that prosperity hung upon the choice, and it is not unlikely that the attempt had some success. But Republicans of the better sort can take little satisfaction in the general conduct of the campaign. Bad as it was to drag national questions in, it was a hundred times worse to raise the cries of race and religion. The esteemed *Fatherland* of New York had been quick to hail the nomination of Sweitzer in the Democratic primary as a triumph for German sentiment in this country. In Chicago, leading Germans, Austrians, and Hungarians committed the incredible stupidity of signing a circular urging voters of those nationalities to vote the Sweitzer ticket. This undiplomatic step seems to have had its natural effect. Larger than the question of race loomed the question of religion. Men and women were urged to vote for Sweitzer because he was a Catholic, or for Thompson because he was not a Catholic. The ominousness of this incident is that this is not its first appearance, and that it is not limited to Chicago. It made its skulking presence felt in the last campaign for Governor in New York State, and it has long been an under-surface influence in Massachusetts.

The severe sentences imposed upon Mayor Roberts of Terre Haute and his associates in election frauds are no more than the nature of the crime justifies and demands. The high official position of the Mayor, and of some of the others, makes the punishment all the more terrible; but so, too, did their

occupancy of these public trusts make their guilt peculiarly heavy. When an event of this kind happens, one can hardly fail to be impressed with a certain feeling of wonder that men will invite the possibility of such dire retribution without being under the stress of extraordinary need or temptation. But the explanation is not far to seek. The deterrent efficacy of punishment depends far less on the degree of its severity—though that is not to be ignored—than on its certainty and promptness. What accounts for the discreditable prominence of our country in regard to the prevalence of certain classes of crime is the uncertainty and slowness of our criminal justice. So long as the idea of a crime is not instinctively associated with the idea of punishment, but merely suggests a more or less vague possibility of it, people will easily yield to the present temptation and take chances on the future.

Nine times in twelve years Judge Ben Lindsey has been forced to make a fight, against slander and abuse, for his place as head of Denver's Juvenile Court. On Monday, Gov. Carlson, following public demonstrations for the reformer, vetoed two bills which would have abolished the court. At the same time a county grand jury exonerated him of all charges of misconduct, and indicted his chief accuser for criminal libel. These pertinacious assaults have all been alike, and the present decisive rebukes ought to put an end to them. The bombardment of Judge Lindsey's personal character by the perjured affidavits of the basest criminals, men and women, should by this time have utterly worn itself out. Though more novel, the recent attack on the court's administration was quite as baseless. It was charged that it did not punish with sufficient severity men who had wronged girls; that Judge Lindsey had absented himself from the bench; and that he had neglected his duties when on it to write and to lecture. It is well understood that behind this were interests opposed to the regulation of street trades for children, the codification of State laws for women and children, the provision of support for neglected minors, and the suppression of vice. In their failure not merely Judge Lindsey, but the whole juvenile court movement, has won a victory.

The late F. Hopkinson Smith rose to distinction in three fields of activity; but both his art and his work as a mechanical engineer will be remembered as subordinate to and contributory to his fame as a writer. He

illustrated his own "Thackeray's London," and his experiences as builder of sea-walls and lighthouses were reflected in "Caleb West: Master Diver," a story of New England mariners, and "Tom Grogan," the record of a courageous woman stevedore. He is chiefly notable, however, as one of those who revived Southern prose fiction after its lapse with the Civil War. Between Simms's day and that in which Cable, Smith, James Lane Allen, and Thomas Nelson Page rose almost simultaneously, stretched a barren quarter-century. His Arcadian picture of the splendors of the old slave régime in "Colonel Carter of Cartersville" was published in 1891, and with Page's "In Ole Virginia," which had appeared in 1887, set a literary fashion that is still strong. Both the character portraits of Southern people and the humorous incident of Southern life in this book and its successors are tinged with a gentle regret for the picturesque quality of the antebellum period that has become almost a convention.

The death of Thomas R. Lounsbury will be felt as a loss not only to the world of scholarship, but also to that wider circle of intelligent people who can make no pretensions to belonging to that world. Yet the researches with which his name is particularly associated might seem far removed from ordinary human interest. What concern have most persons with English usage of the fourteenth century, the diction of Chaucer, or the text of Shakespeare? And how could a man who buried himself in these dry-as-dust matters have any appreciation of a less erudite interest in questions of scholarship, to say nothing of possessing the skill to present them in a "readable" fashion? This was one of his distinctions. Starting with a disputed usage of the present day, within the space of a few paragraphs he could ensnare the reader into following the word back through the centuries with as keen interest as if the subject were the fortunes of Napoleon. The story as he presented it was not merely lifelike; at times it rose to the dramatic. He was also a conspicuous illustration of the fact that age does not necessarily mean conservatism. His position with respect to English usage was radical. He accepted many expressions that most other authorities regard as still on probation, at the best. The veteran character of his work is shown by the fact that he was one of the earliest contributors to the *Nation*, writing for it an article on West Point in December, 1865.

"THE GREAT RECKONING."

The phrase is Count Berchtold's. It occurred in his dispatch to the Austrian Ambassador in St. Petersburg, July 25, 1914, where he spoke rather haughtily of what would follow "in case Russia should have decided that the moment had come for the great reckoning with the Powers of Central Europe." We need not now dwell upon the melancholy awakening which the event has brought to the Austrian Foreign Minister, and to his country. Both the Austrian and the German Governments omitted too many things from that "reckoning" which was spoken of with so much confidence. Even they must now admit that they reckoned ill in leaving out Great Britain, in leaving out Belgium, in leaving out the imponderables and the invincibles in the soul of man.

All this is beside our present purpose. What we wish to bring back to mind is a fitting sense of the tremendous forces and the mighty issues involved in this war. We refer not now to legions and guns and ships. They are, indeed, making the earth tremble and the sea affrighted. But there is a vaster enginery of the spirit engaged. There are principles of civilization at war. Rightly to estimate the gigantic elements in strife would require a pen dipped in lightning and eclipse. Well may we speak of it all as a Great Reckoning. It is, as President Wilson suggested in his remarks to the clergymen on Thursday of last week, a sort of Grand Assize of the whole world which we are witnessing. The moral and spiritual forces in the conflict are too immense for any man to measure; but no one can fail to watch their interplay with the breathless interest of a spectator at a tragedy in which God and the angels as well as men are actors; all of us must be seeking to make our perceptions keen to read the lessons to mankind which are being daily set. "Tired of the war!" So we are, in one sense; but we must not let our minds flag wearily as the march of events passes before us, and as we look forward to the time when peace shall come.

A juster view of the deep things of the world's life at hazard in this war is showing itself in many expressions that come from the peoples caught in the awful coil. The military problem is still uppermost, and long will be, we fear. But behind and beneath it something larger is sensed. We do not hear such frequent easy talk about "crushing" enemies, common in the first

weeks of the war. So, too, the facile "re-making of the map of Europe," of which there was so much said a little time ago, is less in evidence. These questions are still posed, and will be; but the emphasis is growingly upon other matters. The minds of men are brooding over the problem, not merely what nations will win the victory, but what the victory will mean, what will grow out of it, how it will leave not simply the structures of government and of nationality, but the attitude of peoples, the trend of civilization itself.

Along some such lines as these, the Attorney-General of England, Sir John Simon, recently made a noteworthy address. He took it for granted that Englishmen would summon every energy to see the war through. But he warned them that it was high time that they began to think more closely and seriously of what the struggle signified for English policies and English liberty, and what the country was going to make out of the triumph of arms after it had been achieved. As a true Liberal, Sir John Simon declared that it would be a ghastly thing if the English nation, after going to war against permitting Europe to be "Prussianized," should wake up after the struggle only to find that it had itself been Prussianized in the process. This was in part, no doubt, a reply to the cry which has been raised in England that compulsory service in the army is now shown to be absolutely necessary. Partisan use of this has been made against the Government; and as a member of it the Attorney-General was, in a sort, repelling an attack. But he took the broadest ground. It was against the best and safest English tradition to call for a nation in arms. He might have added that, as Taine pointed out in his "Moderne Régime," and as current events too plainly show, a whole nation in the army means war of the most atrocious character and distinct reversions to the barbarities of primitive times.

It is well that, in the heat of conflict, there should be men in all countries to keep their brains clear. They cannot at present withstand the rush of troops and the roar of guns. The trial of brute force having been flung upon Europe, it must go on till exhaustion puts an end to it. But reason is only in abeyance; it has not ceased to exist; and it must assert itself when the day of settlement comes. The Great Reckoning will have been only a vain shedding of blood, only a mocking sport of blind chance, if at the end there does not

emerge from it some new security for small nationalities, some fresh guarantee to the humble toilers of earth, some stronger assurance that industry and commerce and education and art and religion shall not be going all their days in fear of being brought low by the stroke of the sword.

THE QUEST OF AN "ISSUE."

Mr. Bryan's blast against the liquor traffic, in connection with his latest interference in Democratic politics in Iowa, is taken in Washington as meaning that he hopes to make the question the dominant political issue in 1916. People will smile at the idea of tying up the Democratic party with prohibition. It must be confessed, however, that the thing does not look so absurd as it would have appeared ten years ago. With Russia abolishing the sale of vodka, France banning absinthe, Germany preaching temperance, and England threatening to turn teetotaler—all in the interest both of morality and national efficiency—a political fight on the saloon in the United States does not any longer seem grotesque. Mr. Bryan evidently expects the question to figure largely in national politics; though he states that "at the present time it does not seem probable that it will find a place in the platform of either the Democratic or the Republican party."

Are we to infer, then, that Mr. Bryan is to join the Prohibition party? One would think he ought to, if he really believes what he says. He declares that "the brewer, the distiller, and the saloonkeeper are in conspiracy against all that is pure in society, against all that is sacred in the family, against all that is good in industry and desirable in government." The whole being "a moral question," there can be, affirms Mr. Bryan, "but one side to it"; and a political party must get on that side, "unless it is willing to sell its soul." If all this is true, and if there is a party which refuses to sell its soul and puts the entire suppression of the liquor traffic at the very front of its platform, how can Mr. Bryan fail to go with it, heart and soul? Yet we presume nobody expects to see him seek a nomination for the Presidency by the Prohibition party. And the reason is that, without denying the sincerity of his personal attitude, the feeling will be general that he is looking at the question chiefly from the point of view of a veteran politician in quest of a new and winning issue.

It is an old business, this of the political agitator. If one issue fails him, he hunts for another. Let one great political con-

But whatever the causes of the end, the real wonder of it all is how rapidly both sides turned to the arts of peace and how quickly the bitter hostilities died out. Intensified they were in some considerable measure by the errors of Reconstruction—errors on both sides, North and South, many of which were absolutely unavoidable. It was in 1866, Carl Schurz said, a situation that defied statesmanship, an opinion he held after a careful historical review of Reconstruction a few years before his death. But the difficulty of this governmental problem and the assassination of Lincoln did not retard the mustering out of the volunteer armies. The speed

with which they were disbanded was made possible, not only by Lee's noble acceptance of the inevitable, but by a rare magnanimity at Washington, and a desire to make the military burdens of the conquered as light as possible. Even with the delays due to Sheridan's expedition to the Mexican border, the speed of the mustering-out is amazing when one considers how heavy are the hands which conquerors have placed upon the conquered. Some soldiers were left to uphold the unhappy carpet-bag governments and to stop some of the worst excesses of the Ku-Klux, who are now being suddenly portrayed as purely high-minded and spotless preservers of civilization, but they were few in number; and so far as their bearing and attitude were concerned, they were in keeping with the fine spirit of the surrender at Appomattox. Where is there a scene in all history in which as great kindness, consideration, and forbearance were shown by the victors to the vanquished as by the men in blue, who laid aside their guns and offered their haversacks to the half-starved men in gray?

WHAT IS AT STAKE AT WISCONSIN'S UNIVERSITY.

The New York *Evening Post* has just completed a series of articles in which its special correspondent presents a picture of the situation which confronts the University of Wisconsin. That situation is by no means simple; it may at least be said, however, that according to present appearances the danger of serious injury to the University is far less than, a short time ago, there seemed reason to apprehend. What the Legislature will actually do is still uncertain; but already some things have emerged which would seem to render it very improbable that any measure of crude innovation or violent disturbance will be adopted. The Allen "survey" appears to have found little acceptance in responsible quarters; and, more encouraging still, the Wisconsin Board of Public Affairs and the Citizens' Advisory Committee that sat with it have made a report which, though it naturally contains some criticisms, appears to stand by the University in all the essentials of the controversy.

Nevertheless, it would be rash to assume that all danger of serious injury to the great institution at Madison is past; so long as the issue remains unsettled, the situation will deserve watching on the part of all who are interested in higher education in America. Moreover, if the University shall come out

unscathed, it will not do to adopt the complacent conclusion that storms of this kind are always sure to blow over. The Wisconsin University had established itself so firmly as an object of affection and pride among the people of the State, and its alumni alone constitute so large and influential a section of the population, that it may well be supposed to have possessed unusual powers of resistance to attack. Whatever the outcome, the episode should serve as a reminder of the kind of danger to which State universities in our democracy are everywhere exposed.

The fundamental difficulty relates to nothing less than the very nature of a university. On the face of it, there would seem to be no reason why a Legislature, newly elected every two years and coming to its task with little or no preconceived idea of what a university is or ought to be, should not be the prey of any plausible agitation on the subject. In this case of Wisconsin the bill that was at first most conspicuous was one proposing to abolish the Board of Regents and to place the whole administration of the University—along with all the rest of the educational system of the State—into the hands of a State Board of Education. To a "plain, practical man" this might easily seem very sensible; although to any one who understands the nature of a university it is evident that any such scheme must be fatal to all that is most valuable and distinctive in its activities.

As to the general scope and purpose of a university, it may be necessary or proper that the lines shall be broadly laid down from the outside; but in the conduct of its activities—in the choice of professors and in the lines and methods of their work—the university must be an independent and self-directing body. To think of the professors as men hired to execute prescribed tasks in ways determined by an administrative body is to strike at the very heart of university life. There is involved here, almost inevitably, the question of academic freedom in the sense of freedom of opinion; but great as is the importance of this, it is only a secondary and incidental element in the case. First of all comes the question of intellectual individuality. It is only in regard to subjects that bear upon politics, economics, ethics, or religion that the question of freedom of opinion plays any serious part; the question of individuality, of the free play of the professor's intellect, is present in every department. The mere consciousness of possible meddling by a supervisory body would have a paralyzing effect; and in the course of

not a long time it would inevitably drive out of the professorial calling the talents and the personalities most to be desired in it.

If, as now seems almost certain, no such scheme will find countenance in the Wisconsin Legislature, this must be ascribed to the good sense of those who, knowing little about the matter themselves, are willing to follow the judgment of men who do know. And the same may be said about the Allen "survey." As regards the latter, however, we ought not to be content with its mere failure to work immediate mischief. Nor should such failure be looked upon as related solely to any errors or shortcomings of this particular investigator. The very idea of a survey of this nature is repugnant to the idea of a university. The notion has broken out at various places during the last few years. If the methods of a university need looking into, let them be looked into by some man or body of men inspired by ardor for the highest university ideals, saturated with knowledge of what universities have done and have aimed to do, and possessed of such insight and judgment as to command respect for their opinions and conclusions. To prod the faculty with a vast miscellaneous assortment of questions, and to attempt to extract wisdom out of the answers by a mechanical process of summation, is a childish and mischievous futility. If the experience at Wisconsin shall have brought this truth home to persons who have been thinking of engaging in similar adventures, it will not have been gone through in vain.

KARL BITTER.

He who writes of Karl Bitter and the romance of his extraordinary career, now so brutally and tragically ended, might justly begin in the manner of Grimm: Once there was a youth with a soul too big for his surroundings. He lived in a country ruled over by a wicked old King, who yearly took the most promising youth, forced them into uniforms, telling them that they were soldiers to die if he pleased. It mattered not if they hated being his pawns, did not wish to learn to kill others, and loved only what was fine and peaceful. Often cruel officers hector, tortured, and abused them until flesh and blood could scarcely stand it longer. But this particular youth was of such bold and fiery spirit that one day he defied the wicked old King and those who tormented him, and, running away, came first to one strange people and then another. After some time he reached the shores of a great ocean. Em-

barking in a caravel, being driven first by one storm and then another, he came at last to a new and strange country where there was plenty of gold and of riches; where men spoke a new tongue and there was much that was different. Yet when he looked around he found that men were free and served no king but the promptings of their spirits. Straightway this youth mastered this tongue, and the hearts of many; his fame soon spread everywhere among those who toiled like himself for the good and the beautiful. Day by day his soul and his spirit grew like plants in the spring. And so he lived happily and prospered exceedingly.

But neither Grimm nor another could write so shocking an ending as that which has come thus cruelly to this gifted artist, struck down when he had not yet reached the zenith of his usefulness, when his talent was still flowering, when the poet within him spoke more movingly, when the touch of his chisel was surer and more masterful, and the range of his powers steadily greater. He was but forty-seven, and yet he admittedly walked in the very front rank of sculptors within which, not long ago, Saint-Gaudens stood. At an early age, but recently landed, he had knocked at the doors of fame when he won a competition from older and successful men who did not know this young Austrian existed, and at forty he was chosen head of the National Sculpture Society. Thus it was given to him to demonstrate anew the opportunity that exists here in America for talent and worth. Such prejudice as he encountered because he was a foreigner he speedily vanquished, and not only because no one could dispute his talents. There was in art no more ardent American. Trained in a foreign school, the idealism in his nature responded with extraordinary speed to the idealism of America. If he brought any formulas with him from Vienna, if he came affected at all by convention or artificiality, they speedily fell from him in this republican atmosphere.

Indeed, it is impossible to think of him as anything except American, for it seemed perfectly natural to put this foreign-born citizen in charge of the sculptural expression of our national life and character in the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo and in the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco. His Hamilton, his Jefferson (unveiled at the University of Virginia without him last Tuesday), and his exquisite group of the signing of the Louisiana Purchase treaty, all reveal not only the master artisan, but as perfect and virile an interpre-

tation of the American spirit as are the statues of Franz Sigel and Carl Schurz which embellish New York city. Nobody else was thought of for these tasks, for he, with his German blood, was preëminently the man to reproduce in bronze these others who crossed the seas in quest of liberty, and gave to the country no greater love and devotion than was his. So, too, when it came to the construction of the Dewey Arch, which, although ephemeral, was one of the greatest of our artistic achievements, it was Bitter who was chosen to have charge of this plastic celebration of the triumph of American arms in the Far East.

Bitter came to this country attuned to the American spirit and prepared to labor freely and zealously for the public in return for his privilege of citizenship. Of this his service on the Municipal Art Commission of New York is but typical; but whenever it came to a public undertaking the last thing that he thought of was what Karl Bitter would get out of it. What was best for the future of art, for the glory of the city and State, was what concerned him most. All of this, combined with a total absence of faddism, a complete freedom from convention, and an innate kindliness and consideration for others, won him the profound respect and regard of those who came into contact with him, and the love of those who worked with him.

Chronicle of the War

The tentative operations which we noted last week as having been in progress in the neighborhood of St. Mihiel are now seen to have represented, to borrow a phrase from the race track, a preliminary "jockeying for position." The concentration of large French reserves in this quarter was met on the German side by a series of partial offensives. At the same time, on the French side a steady pressure was maintained in the Champagne and in the Vosges, on the right and left of the German position at St. Mihiel, to prevent a counter-concentration of reinforcements, while on the eastern front Russian activities in the Carpathians have effectually precluded the possibility of a diversion of troops from that area of fighting. These preliminary operations culminated on April 4 in the launching by the French of a general offensive against the German salient which months ago was driven into their line as far as St. Mihiel, and which the Germans have held tenaciously throughout the winter. Should the French offensive here be pushed to a successful conclusion, Metz would be threatened, and with it the whole left wing of the German army.

Roughly speaking, this German salient may be represented as a triangle, almost equilateral, its sides about twenty-five miles in length, and its angles at St. Mihiel, Etain,

and Pont à Mousson. St. Mihiel is the apex of the triangle and the line between Etain and Pont à Mousson its base. If we bisect the base and extend a line drawn from the apex to the point of bisection we shall reach, at a distance of some twelve miles from the base line, the fortress of Metz, the German base of supplies, the centre of a network of railways. Within the triangle the railway from Metz extends only to Thiaucourt, sixteen miles northeast of St. Mihiel, and ten miles northwest of Pont à Mousson. Thiaucourt is, therefore, the advanced base of supplies for St. Mihiel and for most of the troops holding the triangle except those on its northern side, who are supplied by the direct line of railway between Metz and Etain. Thiaucourt itself is a centre of a network of good roads, as St. Mihiel is another centre, and so communication by automobile must be easy to maintain.

The French offensive has been directed simultaneously against the two sides of the triangle, and its immediate objects are easy to see. The general plan is no doubt to crumple up the two sides one against the other, and to cut the communications of both with Metz. With this object in view, the two attacks, north and south, are directed respectively against the mountain heights south of Fresnes, where the town of Combres commands an important line of communications, and against Thiaucourt, where the railway from Metz ends. German official reports have fully admitted the seriousness and vigor of the French offensive, but have not, as we write, conceded to it any success. The French reports, on the other hand, avow successes at several parts of the line. We may accept with confidence the French statement that the important position of Les Eparges has been occupied. This place lies in the valley between two ranges of hills, and from the heights behind it it should be possible for the French artillery to dominate Combres. At the apex of the triangle, near St. Mihiel, the French assert that they have been successful at Ailly, but the most important operations are those in progress between the forests of Montmare and Prêtre. The French are in command of the road between St. Mihiel and Pont à Mousson, for we hear that Flirey is in their possession, and the Germans admit that they have retired "to their main line of defences" from Regnéville and Fey-en-Haye, which are three miles south of Thiaucourt.

A French expeditionary corps for operations "in the Orient," which means the Dardanelles, is officially announced at Paris, which speaks also of the Allied fleet and the English "expeditionary corps." Thus a force of at least fifty thousand men, and possibly twice that number, is now being put into final shape for a landing in Turkey. The natural objective would be the peninsula of Gallipoli itself, where the Allied troops might be put ashore on the western coast of the peninsula under the protection of the fleet and would thus be placed squarely in the rear of the Turkish forts on the narrows of the Dardanelles. Another possible landing would be at Enos, on the Ægean. From there a march of sixty miles would bring an army to the neck of the Gallipoli peninsula, but such an advance could hardly be covered by the fleet because of the distance of the roads from the coast. On the whole the chances favor a landing in Gallipoli.

Foreign Correspondence

MISCONCEPTIONS OF AMERICAN NEUTRALITY—THE ROMANTIC TEUTON—PRINCE VON BUELOW AS JOURNALIST—COPYRIGHT IN RUSSIA.

By JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

LONDON, March 31.

It is hard to make the ordinary Englishman understand the difficult and delicate position of the Administration at Washington, or to appreciate the fact that its action in a situation like the present war is, for many reasons, likely to lag considerably behind the feeling of the people at large. He does not realize that the head of a democratic nation is no more a free agent in the matter of declaring or not declaring war than (say) the British Foreign Secretary; and indeed that the President is peculiarly exposed to political pressure from bodies whose energy and insistence may long cover the scantiness of their representative character.

On the whole, then, if the average British citizen is not, at this moment, ablaze with enthusiasm for America, this is mainly due to a misapprehension. As soon as he understands the difference between the official and the intrinsic attitude of the American people, he will feel relieved of most of his perplexity. He already welcomes every sign of American friendliness; and he is by no means oblivious to the extraordinary philanthropic activity the war has called forth in America, or to the fact that many of the very best books and pamphlets in support of the cause of the Allies have come from the American press.

Notwithstanding its admirably scientific and business-like organization, there is much to be said in favor of the thesis that Germany is the most romantic of the nations engaged in this war. With the grim and clear-eyed determination of well-trained and well-educated men, the Germans combine a certain naïve, Peter Pan-like belief in the realm of faëry, a vein of sentiment which sometimes loses sight of practical values. The story of the Zeppelin is a case in point. The idea of a great gas-bag, floating like an aerial city in the blue empyrean and dropping death and destruction on terrestrial towns without danger to itself, is an alluring one to the poetic mind. The title of "Lord of the Air" is at least as intoxicating in its implications as "Lord of the Seas." And so, in spite of a tale of almost continuous disaster, with success of the most exiguous, Zeppelins are still manufactured and still make their infrequent flights, while Count Zeppelin, instead of being relegated to the scrap-heap of unfortunate inventors, is still a national hero. No doubt, the daring feats of the German submarines are another form of response to the appeal of romance. To the German people the Kaiser is a kind of Siegfried, epitomizing the romantic history of the race. The whole spirit in which the war is carried on is essentially romantic. To the British soldier the Germans are simply the enemy for the time being, who must be resisted, and, if possible, crushed, just as, in time past, they resisted the French, the Russians, the Boers. But the German has to idealize and focus his enmity. Hence his "Hymns of Hate," his "God punish England," and all the rest of it. Hatred may not be a desirable passion, but, carried to this extent, fomented and articulated on this national basis, it is incorrigibly romantic.

In 1895-6 Prince von Bülow was German Ambassador in Rome and Mr. W. J. Stillman was correspondent of the London *Times* in the same city. As is the wont of shrewd diplomatists in dealing with representatives of important journals, the Prince was careful to cultivate pleasant relations with Mr. Stillman, whom he doubtless regarded as a useful conduit for such information as he wished to bring before the British people. At the time referred to, the partition of Africa among the great European Powers was still going on, and the occasion seemed to Prince von Bülow a propitious one to discuss the history of the Anglo-German negotiations in regard to the district of Angra Pequena or Lüderitzland, the nucleus of German Southwest Africa, and if possible to publish an anonymous paper on the subject in one of the leading English reviews. After some consideration Mr. Stillman fell in with Prince von Bülow's views to the extent of translating and transmitting his article to the *Contemporary Review*, with an assurance that it was a genuine document, actually written by a European diplomatist. The paper accordingly appeared in the *Contemporary Review* for February, 1896, under the title of "The Parting of the Ways, by an ex-Diplomat." The object of the paper, as the title indicates, was to show that the attitude of Great Britain in the Angra Pequena case was the beginning of her policy of unfriendliness to Germany's colonial expansion and of her denial to Germany of her proper "place in the sun." Germany's conduct was, of course, natural and justifiable; Great Britain was simply the surly dog in the manger. It is significant to find Germany's feelings and intentions in this matter so clearly expressed nearly twenty years ago. A few quotations from the article, the authorship of which has (I believe) never been disclosed until this moment, will show its general trend:

The conviction in the German mind is that that spirit of mercantile competition which had begun to show itself in the affair of Angra Pequena, is in fact the ruling passion of the English nature.

They carry a profound conviction to the great German people that England is *au fond* hostile to the vital development of German prosperity, and that it is English policy to stifle German commerce at the expense of a friendship which otherwise might have endured and helped England to the political supremacy of Europe, as England in her turn might have assured to Germany the military supremacy without the crushing burthens of the present system. But it is impossible that in Germany they should not give a sinister significance to the persistent attitude of England, and this conviction more or less reflects imperatively on the entire policy of the German Empire.

The result is that an opinion hostile to England has arisen in Germany "which the Imperial Government is obliged to take into account in its general political conduct, and which is showing itself disastrously in the estrangement of the two great Powers."

The article ends as follows:

If the worst is to come and a conflict should arise which ends disastrously for civilization owing to the division and paralysis of the forces which might have worked for salvation, the word which must be written at the head of the chapter which records it will be "Angra Pequena."

So far as I know, the article did not attract much attention.

One of the straws showing how the wind is blowing as regards Great Britain and her allies is the revival of interest in the project of a copyright law between this country and

Russia. This revival was inaugurated by a letter written to the *Spectator*, three weeks ago, by Mr. Curtis Brown; and various publishers, authors, and societies have since taken a hand in the game. It appears that the Russian Government has hitherto been unwilling to subscribe to the Berne Convention, or to make any copyright arrangements with either Great Britain or the United States, but that there is good reason to believe it is now likely to follow any lead that may be given to it by either of the great English-speaking countries. Apparently Great Britain is rather more ready than America to act on this hint; but it is hoped that Mr. George Haven Putnam and the other doughty American champions of international copyright may be able to awaken an active and immediate movement for coöperation in the United States. The argument that Russia has her hands too full at present to attend to a matter like this, is not so pertinent as it may appear at the first glance. There could be no better moment for strengthening each and every link between Russia and Great Britain; and it is believed that the United States will be sympathetic enough to recognize the force of the motive. Apart altogether from the question of the author's pocket, we all know the miserable nature of so many of the English translations of Russian masterpieces now on the market; and I am assured that the Russian translations of English books are equally appalling. Moreover, many of the pirated editions of British and American books now circulating freely in Russia are very far from being samples of English literature at its best.

OPINION IN NEUTRAL SWITZERLAND—RED CROSS PRISONERS—THE FUTURE OF POLAND.

PARIS, March 24.

The Political Yearbook for 1915, in the series begun by Professor Hilty, of the University of Berne, and continued by his successor, Professor Burckhardt (Berne: K. J. Wyss), has unusual value. Some of its articles have been written since the opening of war, and treat the many questions it has brought up.

The "Thoughts of a Neutral" by the editor are particularly edifying. His conclusion is that the neutral, having now only himself to count on, ought, on the one hand, to give no hold to suspicion; and, on the other, to take timely measures to make himself able to defend his own rights by his own means. Professor Burckhardt is a German Swiss, and he condemns absolutely the violation of Belgian neutrality. A French reviewer, over-extending the first part of his conclusion, attributed to him the opinion that Belgium had at least shown herself imprudent in her relations with England. Professor Burckhardt has written to protest: "Conversation between Gen. Ducarne and Lieut.-Col. Barnardiston was not an agreement between the two countries, and it could not have influenced Germany's determination." He once more condemns unreservedly the violation of the neutrality of Belgium, and adds: "The fact that Luxemburg was unable to defend herself did not authorize Germany to pass her frontiers. On the contrary. But, politically speaking, it is nonsense to create a sovereign state and deprive it of the right of self-defence."

Professor Nippold has an article reviewing the débris of international law left from the

smash of this war. He gives a list of infractions, beginning with the double violation of neutrality:

All this has shaken roughly the whole civilized world's confidence in the existence and value of the law of nations. In all these relations, the law of nations has shown itself completely powerless. We may even say that what has happened is just the contrary of what those wished to obtain who established the international rules. Never was there a war that struck so grievously as the present at the whole civil population, not of belligerent nations alone, but of neutral states as well. . . . International law is powerless when it would take from a people the right to defend the soil of their own country.

. . . If our (Swiss) neutrality were to be violated, we should defend every inch of ground against the invader; and, as once at Grauholz, every old man and every child able to bear arms would take a gun to beat the invader back.

This is the reason why Hague Conventions which seek to limit warfare to combatants build on weak foundations. Yet this is not a reason why we should doubt of international law wholly. The very fact that public opinion protests against such violations shows belief in the law and a will that belligerents shall observe it. What has been happening is not so much a condemnation of international law as of the present war, "which sets at defiance all human culture." Professor Nippold explains why, in his opinion, an international judicial system that shall lay enduring foundations for the world to be is capable of being established—after the war. More than all others, small states should strive for this, since they are most interested in it; and, he prays, may Switzerland understand and fulfil this, her mission!

The secretary of the international committee of the Red Cross has felt himself obliged to raise his voice against a certain interpretation of rules of the Geneva Convention concerning medical and sanitary officers and aids captured by the enemy (*Bulletin de la Croix Rouge*, January, 1915):

At the end of 1914, several hundred doctors and many more than a thousand orderly nurses and aids, as well as numerous men and women of Red Cross societies, and one hundred military chaplains, had been held for many weeks, some even for months, ever since the battles of August and September, inactive, or nearly so, in concentration camps and fortresses.

The Red Cross prisoners' agency at Geneva was forced to constitute itself a witness of this violation of "bits of paper" which had been signed, July 6, 1906, by all the present belligerents. Article 6 of that Convention stipulated that the sanitary personnel of a captured army should not be treated as prisoners of war; but, when their work on the field of battle was terminated, they were to be sent back to their own side as soon as military necessities permitted.

This has given rise to military casuistry—they are held prisoners because their captors have a necessity for their services! Thus doctors who remained on the field to care for the wounded of both sides have been carried off to concentration camps. A nurse, when her wounded countrymen were sent away from the hospital of their captors, was kept back. Ladies who were giving their services to the Red Cross in places now occupied by the invading army have been held and not been allowed even to give news of themselves to their families or ask the necessities of life or let it be known whether they are living or dead. Of those carried into Germany, not one was let free on parole. Dr. Ferrière has no difficulty in showing how

opposed this is to the Convention signed by all.

Antoni Potocki undertakes at Paris the publication of a bi-monthly *Revue de Pologne*—"to express truly and sincerely the witness of Polish opinion." It gives Polish documents relating to the present war, the Russian proclamation recognizing Poland as a nation, with comments of Russian newspapers, and the changed prospect thus opened to Poland. There is an estimate of all that war is costing the Poles, with statistics of their population, and a bibliography of French publications. Then the vital question is stated:

The deep truth of national life in Poland is her irrepressible consciousness of unity. . . . It is this national unity of Poland that decides every one's line of conduct towards Poland; and that, too, is the starting point of her own behavior. . . . From this point of view, the world of to-day is divided between two opposing camps: that which considers Polish unity to be its own loss (Germany and her accomplices), and that which accepts it and goes forward to meet it (Russia and her allies). It would be childish, in such conditions, to ask on which side the national feeling of Poland and her interests are to be found—they are but one, the will to break down finally the enemy who opposes her national unity. And that enemy is no other than the usurper for a thousand years of our right to live—Teuton imperialism.

From that part of Russia which might have been thought most deeply rooted in the past, Prince Eugene Troubetzkoy, president of the Society of Slavic Culture, writes: "Her enemy's faults have revealed to Russia the end to be reached. . . . The revival of Poland is the absolute condition of our own. Russia herself can be freed from Prussian tutelage, from that oppression of the German spirit which has subjugated her until now, only by freeing Poland. We shall realize no Russian ideal by becoming a second-rate Prussia—by Russification."

Maurice Maeterlinck has been lecturing on his own afflicted country in Italian cities. In Rome, he said to a Swiss interviewer:

My property has been destroyed as well as that of my brother, who is a notary in Ghent. One of my cousins has been shot. But all that, perhaps, is nothing to what the future has in store for us. What will happen on the day when the Germans are obliged to leave Belgium? We cannot think of it without trembling. . . . I assure you we Belgians shall not soon forget such horrors and we hold hatred stubbornly. Henceforth, between us and Germany all is over. Victory may keep us waiting—this war in the trenches is so long—but victory shall surely come. Not one of us doubts it.

Maeterlinck's hair has grown gray. The fine, cameo-like features of his clean-shaven face remind the interviewer of François Coppée. He did not venture to ask Maeterlinck about present literary work, but contented himself with remarking: "Once upon a time you wrote very beautiful things about Rome." Maeterlinck brushed his hand across his forehead as if to dispel the present horror, and replied only, "All that was long ago!"

The persevering resolution of French as well as Belgians is pointed out by H. Galli, member of Parliament for Paris. He has made himself a sort of centralizing bureau for all inquiries of families regarding their dead or missing:

More than 1,500 parents have written me—and only three gave any sign of discouragement, which, after all, was pardonable. Fathers, mothers, and near of kin expressed but one thought—to hold out until victory, complete victory, shall make up for all sufferings endured and free their children.

S. D.

The Permanent Neutrality of Belgium

AN EXAMINATION OF THE BINDING FORCE UPON THE GERMAN EMPIRE OF THE TREATY OF 1839 SIGNED BY PRUSSIA.

By EDWARD RAYMOND TURNER.

[This article gains in interest because of certain admissions concerning treaty obligations which have just been made by the German Government and which are commented upon in our editorial columns.]

When German armies suddenly entered Belgium the Imperial Chancellor made public explanation in the Reichstag: "Das widerspricht den Geboten des Völkerrechts. . . . Das Unrecht. . . . Wer, wie wir, um das Höchste kämpft, darf nur daran denken, wie er sich durchhaut" (*Berliner Tageblatt*, August 5, 1914. He confessed that it was a violation of international law, but pleaded ultimate necessity and desperate need. This frank and manly confession, which the Chancellor afterwards attempted to explain away (*Associated Press* cable, published January 25, 1915), contains the best plea for Germany before the tribunal of international law. Another possible justification, involving the doctrine of *rebus sic stantibus*, had been advanced by Bernhardt before the beginning of the war, namely, that since the time when Belgium was declared neutral such great changes had taken place that it might be doubted whether the treaty should still be considered binding ("Deutschland und der nächste Krieg," 6th ed., p. 123).

For the most part the advocates of Germany have not cared to rest the defence upon these principles, but have brought forward so many and such varied explanations that the very multiplicity bears evidence of a thoroughly bad case. And such the case is seen to be when the evidence presented is examined. There is, however, one plea which may deserve further consideration, and that is the plea that Germany violated no obligation which constrained her to respect the neutrality of Belgium, because no obligation bound her; the treaties containing the guarantee having been signed by Prussia before she entered the North German Union and the German Empire, which entrance so changed her status that treaties made by her previously bound her no longer; and this obligation not being assumed by the states which succeeded her, except temporarily during the Franco-Prussian War, it was not binding when German troops entered Belgian territory in 1914. So far as I can learn, this idea was not at first put forward as an assertion, but rather in tentative and interrogative form; but once being advanced, it was widely circulated under the sanction of well-known names as positive statement of an undoubted truth.

The history of the neutrality of Belgium and the treaties appertaining to it, I have discussed in a previous number of this journal (December 24, 1914). There is no dis-

pute about the fact that Prussia was a party to the treaty of 1831, by which it was declared that Belgium should be "a state independent and perpetually neutral," and that the same provision was guaranteed by the Quintuple Treaty of 1839, to which Prussia was again signatory. It is also agreed that this latter treaty was never abrogated, and that it remained in force with respect to Great Britain, France, Austria, and Russia. With regard to Prussia, however, it is argued that the case is different, since Prussia, after 1867 and after 1871, no longer occupied the position which she did before that time; and that such a treaty made by Prussia then is not binding upon Prussia now, nor upon the German Empire of which she is a part. Since the assertion of Germany's blamelessness, based upon this doctrine, has been frequently repeated, I desire to say a word in regard to it.

When one state is absorbed by another, or voluntarily merges into another, it becomes extinct as an international person, and is succeeded by the other state, and "Treaties of alliance or of arbitration or of neutrality or of any other political nature fall to the ground with the extinction of the State which has concluded it" (L. Oppenheim, "International Law," ed. 1905, I, 121). But with respect to partial state succession, as when a state becomes a member of a federal union, the case is not so clear:

A cause which *ipso facto* cancels treaties is such subsequent change of status of one of the contracting States as transforms it into a dependency of another State. As everything depends upon the merits of each case, no general rule can be laid down . . . when a State becomes a member of a Federal State, it is obvious that all its treaties of alliance are *ipso facto* cancelled, for in a Federal State the power of making war rests with the Federal State, and not with the single members. . . . On the other hand, a good many treaties retain their binding force in spite of such a change in the status of a State, all such treaties, namely, as concern matters in regard to which the State has not lost its sovereignty through the change (*Ibid.*, pp. 556, 557).

A German authority declares that, after the formation of a federal state, some of the obligations of the members may remain, unless the component parts have now become incompetent in the presence of the state which embraces them:

Auf den Gebieten, auf denen die Einzelstaaten völkerrechtlich rechts- und handlungsfähig bleiben, behalten sie im Zweifel auch ihre völkerrechtlichen Rechte und Pflichten; soweit der Bundesstaat ihre völkerrechtliche Rechts- und Handlungsfähigkeit beseitigt, fallen auch ihre völkerrechtlichen Rechte und Pflichten ohne Kündigung fort (Walther Schönborn, "Staatsukzessionen," in "Handbuch des Völkerrechts" [1913], II, part II, p. 112).

He denies that the obligations of the members are necessarily transferred to the federal state:

Ein *ipso iure* vollziehender eigentlicher Uebergang von völkerrechtlichen Rechten und Pflichten der Einzelstaaten auf den Bundes-

staat als ganzes ist ausgeschlossen, weil letzterer als Staat völkerrechtlich nur durch seinen eigenen Willen gebunden werden kann.

Moreover, he says, such a transfer would be impractical, for the treaties previously made by the various members might bring upon the federal state varied and conflicting duties (*Ibid.*, pp. 112, 113). A treaty made by a member and superseded because of the formation of the federal state might be continued by the federal state, but it would become then a new treaty of the federal state, and to this change the other contracting party must give its assent (*Ibid.*, p. 112).

Accordingly it would seem that the theory of partial state succession allows sometimes that the international rights and obligations of the members become void after the federal state is formed, or sometimes remain with the members, or at other times are assumed by the federal state as previously, which makes it necessary to decide each case for itself.

With respect to Germany, it may be said in the first place that the Constitution of the Empire contains no provision for the abrogation of the treaties made by the constituent states (J. B. Moore, "Digest of International Law," V, 355). Undoubtedly some of the members of the federation have retained their competence to conclude treaties among themselves and also with foreign nations (Oppenheim, I, 131); while not a few international matters are still regulated by treaties made prior to the formation of the Empire (Moore, V, 620). An eminent authority says:

The establishment of the German Empire in 1871 and the complex relations of its component parts to each other and to the Empire necessarily give rise to questions as to the treaties entered into with the North German Confederation and with many of the States composing the Empire. It cannot be said that any fixed rules have been established. Where a State has lost its separate existence, as in the case of Hanover and Nassau, no question can arise. Where no treaty has been negotiated with the Empire, the treaties with the various States which have preserved a separate existence have been resorted to (Davis's "Notes," cited in Moore, V, 354, 355).

In 1901 German treaties were discussed in the Supreme Court of the United States, in a case having to do with extradition, and there the opinion was more decisively expressed:

Undoubtedly treaties may be terminated by the absorption of Powers into other Nationalities and the loss of separate existence, as in the case of Hanover and Nassau, which became by conquest incorporated into the Kingdom of Prussia in 1866. . . . But where sovereignty in that respect is not extinguished, and the power to execute remains unimpaired, outstanding treaties cannot be regarded as avoided because of impossibility of performance (Terlinden v. Ames, 184 "United States Reports," 283).

The adoption of the Constitution of the Empire, said the court,

found the King of Prussia, the chief executive of the North German Union, endowed

with power to carry into effect its international obligations, and those of his kingdom, and it perpetuated and confirmed that situation (*Ibid.*, p. 284).

And, the opinion continued:

It does not necessarily follow that the Kingdom of Prussia lost its identity as such, or that treaties theretofore entered into by it could not be performed either in the name of its King or that of the Emperor. We do not find in this constitution any provision which in itself operated to abrogate existing treaties or to affect the status of the Kingdom of Prussia in that regard. Nor is there anything in the record to indicate that outstanding treaty obligations have been disregarded since its adoption. So far from that being so, those obligations have been faithfully observed (*Ibid.*, p. 285).

If, now, examination be made of the particular instance of the treaty made by Prussia guaranteeing the independence and neutrality of Belgium, the case against Germany becomes still stronger. The guarantee of 1831 was superseded by the treaty of 1839. The North German Confederation was formed in 1867. There was at this time apparently no question as to the treaty being superseded as a result of state succession. Prussia was now part of a larger state, but the treaty was not denounced and was supposed to remain valid. Such was the belief of the Belgian Government when on July 21, 1870, a circular letter was transmitted to its representatives abroad:

Dans aucune circonstance, les puissances ne se sont écartées des engagements qu'elles ont contractés envers nous. En 1840 comme en 1848, en 1853 comme en 1866 et 1867, nos droits ont été formellement partout reconnus ("Archives Diplomatiques, 1871-1872," I, 235).

On the following day Bismarck gave to the Belgian Minister at Berlin a declaration in writing that the North German Confederation and its allies would respect the neutrality of Belgium, a declaration, he said, "surabondante en présence des Traités en vigueur" (*Ibid.*, p. 244). In the British House of Commons Gladstone said: "The treaty of 1839 is that under which the relations of the contracting Powers with Belgium are at present regulated"; and in the Lords Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe declared: "There were five parties to the engagement which declared and guaranteed the neutrality of Belgium. Two of them—namely, France and Prussia—are belligerents" (3 "Parliamentary Debates," CCIII, 1576, 1761).

The Franco-Prussian War had broken out, and England, anxious for the neutrality of Belgium in the midst of the dangers arising, asked of France and of Prussia temporary guarantee in addition to their previous engagements. In August the Treaty of London was signed between Great Britain and Prussia, in which these Powers declared their determination to maintain the independence and neutrality of Belgium as provided in the treaty of 1839, wherefore they were concluding between themselves this separate agreement, "which, without impairing or invalidating the conditions of the

said Quintuple Treaty, shall be subsidiary and accessory to it" (Martens, "Nouveau Recueil de Traités," XIX, 591). In this treaty, then, Prussia, though a part of the North German Confederation, acknowledged that the treaty of 1839 continued to be binding. And it may be observed that while this treaty of 1870 was a "Treaty between Great Britain and Prussia" (Hertslet, "Map of Europe by Treaty," III, 1886; Martens, XIX, 591), and was on the following day read in the British Parliament as the "Draft Of Treaty Between England And Prussia Respecting Belgium" (3 "Parliamentary Debates," CCIII, 1759), it was considered to be binding also upon the Confederation. "This treaty has been signed by Count Bernstorff on the part of the North German Confederation," said the Lord Chancellor, delivering the Queen's speech, and Gladstone immediately made announcement to the same effect (*Ibid.*, cols. 1766, 1776).

The treaty of 1870, which was merely subsidiary to that of 1839, was temporary in character, and designed to last only during the continuance of the war and for one year after its expiration. Actually it expired in 1872. The earlier treaty was in the meantime in no way invalidated. This was the subject of lengthy debate and numerous questions in the British Parliament, where the meaning was made very clear (*Ibid.*, cols. 1700, 1757, 1789). "By one of the Articles contained in it the Treaty of 1839 is expressly recognized," said Gladstone (*Ibid.*, col. 1784). And in the treaty of 1870 it was declared that on the expiration of the time for which it was made, "the independence and neutrality of Belgium will, so far as the High Contracting Parties are respectively concerned, continue to rest as heretofore on the 1st Article of the Quintuple Treaty of the 19th of April, 1839" (Martens, XIX, 593). Obviously, then, the treaty of 1839 was recognized as binding upon Prussia after the North German Confederation was formed, and apparently upon the North German Confederation also; and this was to be not merely during the validity of the treaty of 1870, but likewise after its expiration.

In 1871 the German Empire was founded, and the principle of state succession was again involved; in lesser degree, however, than in 1867, for whereas the change from the loose, weak German Confederation, of which Prussia had been part, to the strong, closely drawn federal state of 1867, involved a fundamental change in the character of the larger government, the alteration of 1871 was slight, and had to do principally with the incorporation of a larger number of states. So says the principal authority upon this subject:

Eine Verschiedenheit besteht zwischen der Gründung des Norddeutschen Bundes und derjenigen des Deutschen Reiches jedoch insofern, als jene eine völlige Neuschöpfung, diese dagegen eine Reform des Norddeutschen Bundes, eine in der Verfassung des letzteren selbst vorhergesehene Erweiterung und Umbildung desselben war, so dass zwischen dem Norddeutschen Bunde und dem Reiche Rechts-

kontinuität besteht (Paul Laband, "Deutsches Reichsstaatsrecht," ed. 1907, I, 12).

It would seem, then, that the treaty of 1839 continued to be binding upon Prussia after the Empire was formed; and if not upon the Empire by virtue of the principle of succession, then because of the dominant position held by Prussia. The contrary was never declared, and apparently never maintained. In 1901 Viscount Cranborne said in the House of Commons: "The treaty of 15th November, 1831, between Great Britain with other Powers and Belgium was superseded by the treaty of 19th April, 1839, between the same parties, which is still in force" (4 "Parliamentary Debates," XCI, 707). In 1913 Bernhardt said: "Die Schweiz und Belgien gelten als neutral" ("Deutschland und der nächste Krieg," p. 113).

In 1913 also a German scholar published a volume on the neutralization of states (Siegfried Richter, "Die Neutralisation von Staaten, insbesondere die der Schweiz, Belgiens, Luxemburgs und des früheren Kongostaates," Berlin and Leipzig, 1913). Apparently, the work was done at a time when study of this subject was made in furtherance of the science of international law, rather than in search of that which might afford justification of questionable deeds already committed. The author was doubtful whether in the event of a great war the neutrality of Belgium would be respected; but infringement would be a violation of international law. In his opinion, violation was apt to be done by France. (*Ibid.*, pp. 149, 207, 238, 243, 244). In that event he supposed that Belgium would be defended:

Dennoch ist aber gerade bei Belgien ein Tätigwerden der Garanten mit allen Mitteln sehr wahrscheinlich. Weder das Deutsche Reich noch England und auch nicht Holland können es dulden, dass Belgiens dauernde Neutralität, ja seine Selbstständigkeit beeinträchtigt wird (*Ibid.*, p. 244).

Assistance might be given by Germany for political reasons and in furtherance of self-interest; but also he declared without qualification that the German Empire was now one of the guarantors of the neutralization of Belgium:

Garanten der dauernden Neutralität Belgiens sind also die anderen Vertragsstaaten ausser Holland nach dem Wortlaut ihres Vertrages mit Belgien vom 19. April 1839. . . . Diese Garanten sind wieder die Grossmächte Preussen, Oesterreich, Frankreich, Grossbritannien, Russland; an Preussens Stelle ist auch hier das Deutsche Reich getreten (*Ibid.*, pp. 71, 72. Also p. 214).

The place of Prussia had been taken by the German Empire, with respect to the treaty of 1839.

It must be noticed that the treaty of 1839, as had been the case with that of 1831, contained a guarantee on the part of Prussia along with the other Powers, not merely to observe, but to uphold the provisions of the treaty. By these provisions "La Belgique . . . formera un Etat indépendant et perpétuellement neutre" (Mar-

tens, XI, 394, 404). The nature of this establishment was such as to make it part of the fundamental public law of Europe. It might have been supposed that, as this agreement gained the sanction of time, no European Power would have undertaken to infringe it; and that since Prussia continued to be a guarantor of the treaty, the German Empire, even if it had not also been willing to defend the neutrality of Belgium, would at least not have violated it.

Finally, it must be added that the treaty of 1839 placed an obligation upon Belgium herself. "Elle sera tenue d'observer cette même neutralité envers tous les autres Etats" (Martens, XI, 394). Therefore, when Germany called upon Belgium to allow passage of troops through her territory for an attack upon France, she was requesting Belgium to break the treaty and forfeit her own honor.

It has been my purpose to show that international law has made, perhaps can make, no general rule as to the binding effect of treaties when state succession takes place, but directs an examination of each particular case; that in respect of Prussia and the federal states into which it entered many of the old obligations are believed to have remained binding; that as regards the treaty relating to the neutrality of Belgium there are strong reasons for believing that the obligation, never having been superseded or denounced, remained binding upon Prussia, and probably also upon the German Empire; and that, therefore, the violation of the neutrality of Belgium by Germany constituted an outrage upon public morality and international law, not to be excused by the plea examined in this communication.

Notes from the Capital

THE SENATOR FROM OHIO.

Next to Elihu Root, the man who will be most missed from the Senate when it reconvenes in the autumn is Theodore E. Burton, of Ohio. It would be hard to imagine a more vivid contrast of personalities than exists between these twain. Root, with his well-finished exterior and his worldly air, is plainly stamped with the hall-mark of the Middle Atlantic Coast; Burton, with his unmodelled features, his half-trained voice, and his loose-jointed motions, is quite as obviously a product of the Middle West. Both are lawyers of conspicuous ability—"business lawyers," as distinguished from the old-fashioned school of miscellaneous practice. Both have a natural bent for public affairs, but with scant patience for tracing the labyrinthine paths of petty politics. Both have achieved positions where their names count for as much as the whole stock in trade of most of their competitors for party leadership. Both are well-informed men; but Root's information is so broad that no subject which comes before him finds him a stranger to it, whereas Burton seems to have acquired his in chunks, as it were, with gaps between.

Both are adepts in statistical lore; Root draws upon his data sparingly, making them

merely tributary to certain points he wishes to emphasize, and endowing them with a life and color which fixes them in your memory, while Burton gives his statistics orderly arrangement without fusion or digestion or disguise. As orators, both men employ humor more or less, Root's dancing gayly over the surface of his serious thought, Burton's mixing rather ponderously with the main body of his argument. Burton was recognized as one of the master-minds of the Senate, just as, during his eighteen years' service in the House, he had belonged among the handful of marked men there. The very fact that his mind does not diffuse itself, but concentrates upon the single topic which seems to him of prime importance for the time being, is a distinct element of strength. Nine times in ten you will find him on the right side of momentous questions, and almost as often on the winning side, if the conditions are such as to induce his hearers to think rather than take snap judgment; for, when he has saturated his memory with the material for an argument, he speaks with the assurance of a page from the encyclopædia, and the printed report of his speech shows the facts and figures so marshalled for later consultation that even the most frivolous-minded reader is impressed with a sense of the probability of his contentions.

How effective a use Burton can make of the magazine of ammunition he collects in his preparation for a forensic struggle was shown by the success of his record-breaking filibuster against the Administration's Ship-Purchase bill, extending substantially through the entire short session of the Sixty-third Congress; for, though other Senators contributed their share to the result, it was he who was the head and front and animating spirit of the opposition in that fight, whereby the country was spared the peril of entering blindfold upon an experiment in state socialism fraught with more vicious possibilities than any hitherto seriously broached.

As a politician, Burton has little use for the spoils; he frankly confesses that he would not know how to use them. When it comes to the more trenchant forms of graft, his attitude was shown by the dogged persistence with which he trimmed down a riotous growth of river and harbor appropriations till he had saved the taxpayers a matter of forty million dollars. Of late years, he has played a lone hand in Ohio politics most of the time. He split with Hanna over the conduct of sundry Federal officeholders in the northern part of the State, and President Roosevelt sided against him. In the national convention of 1908 he put Taft in nomination; but a coolness sprang up between the two when he insisted upon going to the Senate in the face of the yearnings of the President's brother Charles for the same seat. His next clash was with Foraker, who had begun to manifest some disposition to support him. The extended trip abroad which he has planned to follow his retirement from the Senate is commonly interpreted as a convenient means of taking himself out of the atmosphere of turmoil till the time comes to decide whether he shall ask Ohio for its delegation to the national convention of 1916. Burton is a bachelor of sixty-four, but his body is so strong and his mental faculties are so active that it requires some close scrutiny to convince strangers that he is within ten years of the age assigned him in his family record.

VIEILLARD.

Poetry

RECENT VERSE.

The Present Hour. By Percy MacKaye. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.25 net.

Path Flower and Other Verses. By Olive T. Dargan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25 net.

Poems. By Clinton Scollard. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25 net.

Sonnets of a Portrait-Painter. By Arthur Davison Ficke. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. \$1 net.

Earth Triumphant. By Conrad Aiken. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.25.

The Falconer of God. By William Rose Benét. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$1 net.

Anthology of Magazine Verse. By William Stanley Braithwaite. Published by the Author. Cambridge, Mass.

Mr. MacKaye's latest volume, bound in blood-red, comprises two nearly equal sections, "War" and "Peace"—the latter, like other non-combatants, being stationed in the rear. The best poem, called "Fight," handles a tragic incident of the Plattsburgh naval battle of 1814 with unfaltering zest and the maximum of fearless realism. I like Mr. MacKaye's hearty plainness; his blouse becomes him, to my thought, quite as much as his cavalier's doublet; only I do not quite like to see the lace-border of the undiscarded doublet project below the edges of the blouse. If "Jock bit his mittens off and blew his thumbs" in the first line, he should not "whiff deliriums" in the fourth. We like men who bite their mittens off largely from the certainty that they will not whiff deliriums. Jock is manly, for all that, and the bells ring lustily even amid the embroideries and scarves.

Mr. MacKaye's war-poems are intensely and passionately anti-German. They have power of a kind—journalistic rather than poetic power—and their closing phrases have the impetus and brilliancy of rockets. I find a little too much resolution in the anger. The white blaze of moral indignation would impress me more strongly if I did not seem to hear the sound of Mr. MacKaye briskly shovelling coal into the furnace. The two sonnets I prefer, the steadfast and trustful "Wilson" and the deep-thoughted "Destiny," are comparatively low-keyed.

In the "Peace" poems, what I miss is *current*; what I find is the vivid outleap of rhetoric or fancy:

A man stood up in Panama,
And the mountains stood aside.

In "School" (a farm narrative), as in "Fight," I gather from the plainest and dullest of entourage the feeling of a true dramatic insight hardly equalled, if memory serves, in Mr. MacKaye's avowedly dramatic works. Lastly, I find myself less attracted by the sprightly and nimble fancy which half serves his Muse, half deludes it with the feint of

service, than by the quietly imaginative note of lines like

his breath fell soft on the pool-dark pane
With the murmurous, murmuring, muffled
hoof
Of the rain, the rain,
The rain on the roof.

In Mrs. Dargan's "Path Flower," the dreamy and remote enchantments of poems like the "Faerie Queene," the "Castle of Indolence," and the "Witch of Atlas" are made the speaking-tube of the most resonant and urgent of contemporary ideas, amelioration, social responsibility, the sex and labor questions. Mrs. Dargan sees that poetry should transfigure its materials. Is she wise in thinking that it should also transform them? I question if a surer insight would not discern a higher art in the power to transfigure without metamorphosis. I like to visit Arcadia under proper convoy, but I do not care to go *via* Arcadia to a rendezvous in the neighboring square.

Mrs. Dargan's diction reflects the far-awayness of her treatment. Her phrases are momentarily ravishing:

The wind will not be always south,
Nor like a rose is every mouth.

But she is capable of describing a river as "by the sun's gold treachery unbared to me." Now, when I read of "the sun's gold treachery," I feel my veins traversed by an amethystine tingle which hardly knows whether to fade out into opalescent melancholy or to find vent in an outleap of purpleal indignation. Should a nature like Mrs. Dargan's, hardy enough to find difficulty an incentive, stoop to these facile eccentricities?

The incentive of difficulty is not withheld from Mrs. Dargan's readers. The monologue, "Magdalen to her Poet"—surely a theme in which directness and power would be synonymous—is a brake through which the reader hacks and hews his way by sheer labor and determination.

If I have seemed captious in my demands upon this high-minded woman and accomplished artist, it is because I feel that the bounty of Mrs. Dargan to her readers has hardly equalled that of nature to herself. How finely she can write in her unfettered moments, let the following stanza on poets yet to come bear witness:

Yet never earth a lyreless dawn shall know;
No moon shall move unharped to her pale home;
No midnight wreath its chain of choric glow,
But answering eye flash rhythmic to the dome.
No path shall lie too deep in forest gloam
For the blithe singer's tread; no winds fore'er
Blow lute-lorn barks o'er unawakened foam:
No hidden isle sleep so enwaved but there
Shall touch and land at last Apollo's mariner.

In an age of strenuities and acerbities, a votary of the lost cult of the agreeable is a relaxation to the soul. The beverage which Mr. Scollard daintily pours out from his quaintly damasked urn is mild enough to seem hopelessly insipid to our modern ven-

ders of intoxicants; but after unlimited vodka one returns willingly to tea. Nowadays, when we are all powerful and original, even the commonplace lurking here and there in Mr. Scollard's verse is viewed as a restful interruption to our day-long converse with the exceptional and our domestication with the unique. Here is verse of old-time smoothness and regularity, with occasional crispings and eddyings of richer melody; images of established and foreseen pleasantness, spirited narrative here and there, sentiments unshrinkingly obvious, pathos of the dewy rather than the rainy type, and bits of picturesque harmless tragedy in which the half-drawn dagger shows little more than its jewelled hilt. Inspiration never quite arrives; the verses are not real butterflies, they are Keats's "sweet peas, on tip-toe for a flight." The poem I quote is not quite representative; the grave note which makes its distinction destroys its typicality:

I have known loneliness;—the mountain peak
Scarred by the lightnings and communicant
With searing suns and the pale lips of stars;
The gaping canyon riven deep in earth
As with titanic cleavage; the gray sea,
Sunless and sad unswept by any sail;
The desert void from marge to shimmering
marge,

Only a vulture veering in the vault;
The roaring street, the jostling myriads,
And yet no face the fond face of a friend;
But none of these so poignantly has pierced
My heart as has one small deserted room
Where she was wont to sit within whose eyes
Love was perpetual guest—the little room
(Oh, blinding tears!) whereto she comes no
more.

By way of contrast, let me set here a sonnet from another hand:

This is a record of what has not been,
Is not, and never while time lasts can be—
It is a tale of lights down rain-gusts seen,
Of midnight argent mad moon-archery.
Ah, life that vexes all men plagues us most!
And made us motes in winds that blew from
far—

Credulous of the whispers of a ghost—
Fain of the light of some long-quenched star.
What were you that I loved you? What was I
That I perturbed you? Shapes of restless
sleep!

A shadow from a cloud that hurried by—
A ripple of great powers that stirred the
deep,
And we, too supple for life's storms to break,
Writhed at a dream's touch, for a shadow's
sake!

An author who creates and cures a prejudice within an hour is rarely chargeable with mediocrity. There is in Mr. Ficke, author of the above sonnet, a kind of surliness which makes the first minutes of the visitor on his premises uncomfortable. Mr. Ficke, in his impatient, self-willed fashion, pushes and elbows his way towards his point through a thicket of involutions, intricacies, and asperities. Later on comes the perception that here are poems excellent in parts and remarkable, even as wholes, for the sense they give of the impact of reality. Here is bad elocution but real speech, and when clarities and sonorities do actually interrupt the normally troubled and turbid utterance,

the surprised reader wakens to the fact that the sonnet for once has become an occurrence and not a ceremony.

Where Mr. Ficke stands in the world of thought, whether indeed in that world he does not rather stagger than stand, I will not here attempt to say. His sonnets are not mere outcries; they are interpretations: but each, as it were, philosophizes on its own bottom, and their reports as to Mr. Ficke are too various to be enlightening. Time must clear up these things for the reader, perhaps for Mr. Ficke himself. Meantime, he is notable in virtue of these sonnets, and, should he gain a philosophy and a style, I pity his competitors.

Mr. Aiken's preface is animated almost equally by the love and the fear of Masfield. What Mr. Aiken dreads is the resemblance; I have thought sometimes that the difference was the ground for anxiety. Mr. Aiken has his merits, a large, loose feeling for landscape, an ample, full-voiced movement, and an agreeable knack of dilating sound at the very moment when he compresses phrases. But his art and mind show an intemperance which verges on distemper. In "Earth Triumphant" a slender theme of bereavement and solace, handled at merciless length in monotonous and massive iambic octosyllables, closes at last on a conception of unforeseen delicacy. "Youth," in Chaucer's seven-line stanza, abounds in that avid and gripping rhetoric which all but smothers the idea in the vehemence of its embrace. "Romance" wades in sexuality with an abandonment which Mr. Aiken's maturing character will make him some day happy to forget. "Earth Tedium" shows already an advance in sanity and thought.

Mr. William Rose Benét is an extraordinary person. He is, first, a consummate metrist, distinguished by forms which are or appear original and by rhymes ambushed with an ingenuity which makes the prosody a tempting and tantalizing enigma. Again, he is diversely and prodigally clever, but vulgarly clever he is not. Distinction of a kind pursues him in all the windings of his versatility; if he "whoops" or "bellows" (see "People"), it is done with that tinge of condescension which insures the maintenance of caste. Amid all this evidence of ability, it is a little hard to "locate" Mr. Benét. Here is a linguist so multifariously apt that one is perplexed as to his native speech and doubts, by moments, if he owns a mother tongue. Yet if I sum up Mr. Benét as a mere exhibitor, he forthwith unfeelingly writes a poem, some "Brother" or "Rebel Faith," which I cannot decently or honestly set down in my catalogue of demonstrable *tours de force*.

At a pinch I should picture Mr. Benét thus: his native gift and bent looks towards picturesque legend and glamorous allegory expressed in studied, richly phrased and versified, doubtfully passionate verse comparable to that bright enamel, that "rose ensanguined ivory," which prevails to-day in the more highly wrought French lyrics. Apart from this gift, he is master of an adap-

tiveness, a plasticity, which turns its hand deftly to any practice of his contemporaries, war verse, sea dialect, boisterous satire, pungent monologue, literary reverie, stern psychology, cruel naturalism. I offer this view as a diffident hypothesis. Mr. Benét is quite keen enough and quite provoking enough to reduce this supposition to nonsense by another volume: and even then I shall not know whether it has been subverted because it is untrue, or merely because Mr. Benét is unmanageably clever.

I quote eight lines from "Love in the Dawn":

Dawn, with hallowed flame, seemed to sing
your name
Through our open window as the golden
glory came.
Ardor thrilled me through; Dawn again—
with you!
"Up and at the world again! The world is
made anew!"

Newly on my sight flashed the lovely light,
All the ringing roads of fame glittered broad
and bright.

On again! with new visions to pursue;
And dawn again, dawn again, dawn again—
with you!

In his "Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1914," a volume which combines skilful selection with substantial and attractive criticism, Mr. W. S. Braithwaite has earned the gratitude of the makers and the consumers of poetry.

O. W. FIRKINS.

Correspondence

LORD CURZON MAKES A CORRECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A friend has sent me a copy of the *Nation* of March 11, in which Mr. Archibald Henderson, the writer of a long letter on "Hymns of Hate and Songs of Love," attributes to me a poem about the Germans and the war (which had apparently been published in the *New York American* of February 2), entitled, "England's Response: A New Year's Prayer for 1915," and goes on to say that the poem is "futile and unworthy," and "full of envy, of rage, of craft, of gall."

I should have thought that the phraseology of the poem, which refers repeatedly to the experiences of a country invaded and devastated by the Germans, would have satisfied any intelligent reader that the author could not be an Englishman, but must be a foreigner.

As a matter of fact, he was M. Emile Cammaerts, the Belgian writer and poet. The poem, entitled "Vœux du Nouvel An, 1915: A l'Armée Allemande," appeared in the English weekly newspaper, the *Observer*, over his name, on January 10. My connection with M. Cammaerts or his poem was confined to the modest function of translation into English (*Observer*, January 17), and it is presumably from the latter that some unscrupulous persons in America (where I have reason to believe that the poem has been published widely under my name) took the translation, suppressed the identity of the real author, invented a new title, "England's Response," and thus attributed to an English-

man sentiments legitimate enough in a Belgian, but from which my countrymen have pointedly abstained during the war.

I shall be glad if you will publish this letter, and give as wide publicity as possible to the denial which it contains.

CURZON OF KEDLESTON.

Hackwood, Basingstoke, Eng., March 30.

CURZON AND CAMMAERTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a letter, "Hymns of Hate and Songs of Love," to the *Nation* of March 11, I cited in full with adverse comment a poem which I was particular to describe as "attributed to Earl Curzon of Kedleston, entitled 'England's Response: A New Year's Prayer for 1915,'" mentioning as authority the newspaper (*New York American*, February 2) which gave Earl Curzon as the author. According to the *New York Times* of April 8, Lord Curzon is not the author, but only the translator, of the poem in question—the author being the Belgian poet, Emile Cammaerts. The strictures in my letter upon the spirit of the poem were conditioned upon the two assumptions, that the poem was of English authorship and that the author was Lord Curzon. It is unquestionable that Lord Curzon, as translator, cannot be held responsible for the sentiments of Cammaerts, the author; and accordingly the strictures in my letter no longer obtain. This correction is made in justice to Lord Curzon, who quite naturally "protests strongly against being held responsible for sentiments of one for whom he acted only in indirect relationship" (*New York Times*, April 8). The sentiments in the poem find their "justification" in the fact of Belgian authorship.

ARCHIBALD HENDERSON.

Chapel Hill, N. C., April 10.

PROPRIETORSHIP OF THE SEA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the light of the present chaotic condition of the findings of international law with reference to rights of property both on land and on sea, and in particular Great Britain's apparent determination to convert her vague claims to the "sovereignty of the sea" into a national proprietorship, the following excerpt from the address of the Baron de Courcel before the Bering Sea Fisheries Arbitration Commission in 1893 seems to be pertinent. It is to be found in the *Journal des Débats* of August 16, 1893:

Jusqu'ici les nations étaient d'accord pour laisser en dehors de toute législation particulière le vaste domaine des mers. Ainsi, autrefois, à ce que racontent les poètes, la terre elle-même était commune entre tous les hommes, qui en recueillaient les fruits à leur gré, sans limitation ni contrôle. . . . Cependant, la mer, après la terre, est devenue petite pour les hommes qui, pareils au héros Alexandre, non moins ardent au travail qu'il ne l'était pour la gloire, trouvent le monde trop étroit: notre œuvre est un premier essai de partage des produits jusqu'ici indivis de l'Océan, une réglementation appliquée à des biens qui échappaient à toute autre loi qu'à celle du premier occupant. Si cet essai réussit, sans doute il sera suivi d'imitations nombreuses, jusqu'à ce que la planète entière, sur les eaux comme sur les continents, soit devenue l'objet d'une jalouse répartition. Peut-être alors la conception de la propriété changera-t-elle parmi les hommes.

That the possible evolution here suggest-

ed is not fanciful the history of the development of one form of proprietorship during the Middle Ages establishes. It is that of the disappearance of the right of common ownership in the forest, a heritage from the ancient Germans. Among the primitive Germans the very conception of separate proprietorship of forest land was excluded by their vast extent—*superest ager*, as Tacitus says. Later, in Gaul and Germany the forests only survived individual appropriation. Finally, they, too, succumbed to the tendency everywhere towards private ownership. The sea still escapes such appropriation. But is not its integrity and independence menaced today? "The sea is His, and He made it," even if man has compassed the dry land. How long shall it be inviolate?

JAMES WESTFALL THOMPSON.

The University of Chicago, April 10.

AN EFFICIENT ADMINISTRATION OF THE NAVY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have been waiting to see the *Nation* take up editorially the vexed problems of our naval administration, and as a reader and in some measure an apostle of its teachings I should like to see it strike effectively and in the right direction. A good opportunity for such service seems to be offered by the pending resignation of Admiral Fiske as head of the Bureau of Operations, though other opportunities are sure to follow.

No one—least of all those opposed to increased armaments—can fail to realize the need that such navy as we have should be managed economically and effectively. Surely all past experience has gone to show that the central control and planning of naval activities is, aside from the vital matter of leadership, responsible in the last analysis for their failure or success. Wise selection of officers for high positions of administration and command; thorough and prompt study of the lessons to be drawn from past and present experience, in order to apply them in the expenditure of the large sums devoted to naval defence; the development of definite and well considered plans for the future; and, finally, the coördination of the brains and body of the navy into a harmonious unit for the execution of these plans—these must be regarded as measures quite as essential to naval preparedness and efficiency as the accumulation of ships and guns. And it may even be questioned whether efforts in this direction—involving, as they do, no expenditure save of intelligence and energy—should not precede the development of material.

Yet there is probably no administrative branch of the Government more hampered by divided and conflicting authority, politics, and red tape than the Department of the Navy. The trouble is due not merely to the necessary civilian supervision of officers often justly impatient at the eccentricities of such control. It lies also in the confused inner machinery of the Department, into which there is scarcely space to go. This vital weakness has at all events been increasingly recognized by the more thoughtful element in the service, and it has been hoped that the recent creation of the office of Chief of Operations may give opportunity for a thorough-going reorganization, bringing the existing chaos of civilian Secretary, General Board, War College, aides, and heads of

bureaus into something like proper co-ordination. It has been felt further that, with Admiral Fiske as head of the Bureau of Operations, the work of guiding these changes could be in no more skilful or trustworthy hands. His resignation is therefore at this time regarded as singularly unfortunate.

In speaking of Admiral Fiske I have no personal knowledge, and I have therefore preferred to give the notes of an officer who has read my letter thus far. You will, of course, take such testimony for what it is worth, but personally I feel convinced that it is entirely sound and unselfishly interested:

"The faults you mention in Naval Administration have always existed. Politics, special privilege, and departmental red tape have in the past succeeded in hiding or excusing these faults. Admiral Fiske has had the courage to break through all this hamper, and, by reason of his unusual abilities, not only as a practical seaman but also as a thoughtful tactician and strategist of international reputation, he has succeeded, by unselfish devotion to the navy, in directing the attention of Congress to the need of reform. It is largely due to his efforts that much good legislation has been effected, and the important steps towards reorganizing the Navy Department initiated. Against what opposition he has fought we can only guess, for it is a well-known characteristic of Admiral Fiske that he works quietly, and his keen, strong intellect is disturbed by neither praise nor blame. In his fight for naval efficiency he has made enemies, especially in the ranks of those who have prospered by the old régime of special privilege.

"And now at this moment when the country so urgently needs the professional services of this officer in the newly created office of Chief of Operations, a position for which the service would vote him preëminently qualified, we find that politics and special privilege within and without the navy are strong enough not only to keep him out of the position, but evidently to keep him from having anything further to do with drawing regulations governing it. It is not simply a question of humiliating an officer for courageously performing most trying duties according to the highest standards of professional conduct—it is cheating the people and the navy out of valuable services just when they are most needed."

ALLAN F. WESTCOTT.

Annapolis, Md., April 6.

PUBLIC OFFICE A PUBLIC TRUST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In his interesting article upon that dear library-companion, Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations," in your issue of March 25, Mr. Noyes gives "Public office is a public trust" as a saying by Charles James Fox in 1788. He adds, however, that probably the saying is much older. Of course, it is older than 1788. If we only knew when public offices first came into being, we might arrive at a probable solution of the question. The utterance denotes a truth so obvious that the only wonder is that it has dared to clothe itself in the garb of a "familiar quotation."

Let me specify an instance or two of its occurrence that Mr. Noyes has foreborne to mention: President Johnson's Third Annual Message (1867), Webster's Bunker Hill Address (1825), Sidney Smith in the *Edin-*

burgh Review (1825). The writer is paraphrasing Jeremy Bentham as saying: All government is a trust; every branch of government is a trust, and immemorably acknowledged so to be.

It sounded "original" when President Cleveland (who knew how to handle words solemnly) set the phrase agoing with his official blessing. At once, the press began to discuss the question of "who first said it."

The extract from the Champaign (Ill.) Gazette furnishes a complete alibi for Lamont:

Several newspapers have given credit recently to Daniel S. Lamont for originating the expression, "Public office is a public trust." Lamont was formerly private secretary to Grover Cleveland, and as the language quoted was widely used during Mr. Cleveland's first Presidential campaign, it was popularly credited to him. But, in fact, it was not original with either of them. Some years ago the late Col. John S. Wolfe, of Champaign, wrote a communication to the Gazette in which he showed that in a decision written by Justice Samuel D. Lockwood, of the Illinois Supreme Court, prior to the year 1840, that very expression is used, and there it seems to have all the appearances of originality. Justice Lockwood served on the Supreme bench of Illinois from January 19, 1825, to December 4, 1848.

A contributor to the Washington Star (May 5, 1891) assigns the honor to Thomas M. Cooley, quoting from "Constitutional Law," published in 1880, at page 303.

Thanks to Mr. Noyes, we shall find the deliverance of Charles James Fox (1788) a convenient resting-place, until some deliver brings out a text from oration or essay of a date still further back in the past.

FRANK WARREN HACKETT.

Washington, March 20.

CORPORATIONS WITHOUT SOULS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the Nation for March 25, on page 328, in review of Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations," by A. D. Noyes, he states that Lord Thurlow in a certain case stated: "Did you ever expect a corporation to have a conscience, when it has no soul to be damned and no body to be kicked?"

I have never seen that quotation attributed to Lord Thurlow. I am a practicing lawyer and would like very much, if you can do so without too much inconvenience, to get Mr. Noyes to refer to the book, and the page, in which I can find the quotation.

I must say, his review is very delightful.
S. S. P. PATTESON.

Richmond, Va., April 3.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The interesting paper on Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations," in your issue of March 25, confirms that work in ascribing "Corporations have no souls" to Sir Edward Coke, who never became a lord, in a legal opinion of the early seventeenth century. But this dictum really belongs to Sir Roger Manwood, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, whose standing as a judge was under a cloud when he died in 1592, though Coke admired his excellent knowledge of the law, "accompanied with a ready invention and good elocution." Manwood's opinion declares "as touching corporations, that they were invisible, immortal, and that they had no soul, and therefore no subpoena lieth against them, because they have no conscience or soul." Had recent American jurisprudence found some process

for extracting evidence concerning the affairs of corporations, the doubt expressed by your reviewer as to whether Thurlow's statement that they had "no body to be kicked" was still valid, might have been obviated.

C. G. CALKINS.

Berkeley, Cal., March 30.

[The reviewer has frequently encountered the citation from Thurlow, in the language as cited and with Thurlow named as its author. The passage is repeated verbatim, as Thurlow's remark, in Alison's "History of Europe." It is ascribed to Thurlow, though in slightly different language, in Poynder's "Literary Extracts." Campbell's "Lives of the Lord Chancellors" does not appear to quote it; but readers of his chapter on Lord Thurlow will recognize, from the other remarks of Thurlow, the characteristic wording of the remark on corporations.

The citation from Sir Roger Manwood, in the other letter, is highly interesting. The "Dictionary of National Biography" merely refers to the case, not the date of the decision, and so does Bartlett in his citation from Coke. This might throw doubt on the question, which quotation was the earlier. But as Coke was only forty years of age when Manwood died, and lived forty-one years after him, the presumption clearly favors Manwood. In either case, the passage deserves to be added to the "Familiar Quotations."

"Sir Edward Coke" is right, of course. "Lord" Coke was an inadvertence.]

THE FIRST AMERICAN PLAY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Those interested in our native drama will be glad to know of the revival of the first American play, "The Prince of Parthia," by Thomas Godfrey, which took place on March 26 in Philadelphia. The play was given by members of the Zelosophic Literary Society of the University of Pennsylvania, all of the parts being taken by men. It was felt that, inasmuch as Thomas Godfrey was a Philadelphian and a student at the College and Academy of Philadelphia (the earlier name of the University of Pennsylvania), it would be appropriate for a society composed of members of that institution to reproduce his play.

"The Prince of Parthia" was produced by the American company, under the management of David Douglass, on April 24, 1767, at the old Southwark Theatre, in Philadelphia. It was the first play written by an American, and produced in this country by a professional company of actors, so that the revival last night was an historic event. Godfrey, who was born in 1736, died in 1763, four years before his play was produced. He had submitted it to the American Company, in all probability, as early as 1759, but it was not acted until 1767. He had probably been inspired to write the play by witnessing the productions of the American Company in its first visit to the colonies, which began in 1752 and lasted until 1754, when the company disbanded, and most of the actors went to the West Indies. In 1758 David Douglass reorganized the company and brought it back to this country in 1766. Advertisements of the play appeared in the Pennsylvania Gazette and the Pennsylvania Journal, which latter

included a list of the players who took part in the performance.

The production on March 26 by the Zelosophic Society was a very interesting one. The play is an Oriental tragedy, laid in Parthia about 200 B. C., and is written in blank verse of a flexible and dignified character. There are five acts, and the story is concerned with the love of King Artabanus and his two sons, Arsaces and Vardanes, for an Arabian captive, Evanthe. The king is murdered midway in the play, out of revenge, by Lysias, one of his attendants, and in the last act Evanthe poisons herself, through a mistaken idea that Arsaces has been killed, and Arsaces commits suicide after having overthrown his rival, Vardanes. The play is reminiscent of "Macbeth" and "Julius Caesar," and of Dryden's play, "Aurungzebe," but the excellent presentation showed that it was still capable of exciting deep interest on the part of an audience.

The costumes were designed and made especially for the play, under the direction of Mr. Guernsey Moore, and the stage was set simply with a black curtain, against which the brilliant Parthian costumes formed a striking contrast. There was virtually no attempt at stage property, it being felt that the best effect would be produced by a simple setting. The result proved the wisdom of this idea.

ARTHUR DOBSON QUINN.

University of Pennsylvania, March 27.

A REQUEST FOR LETTERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In collecting material for a critical biography of John Esten Cooke as a Columbia dissertation for the doctor's degree, I have located several hundred letters to or from Cooke and have obtained the permission of his son and nieces to use his diaries, notebooks, and manuscripts. I wonder if some reader of the Nation can refer me to additional letters or to articles either by or about Cooke which appeared in newspapers and non-catalogued magazines, or supply me with any other information?

JOHN OWEN BEATTY.

Columbia University, April 5.

FOX AS BOTTOM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your dramatic critic in the Nation of February 25 (p. 231) observes: "It is said that G. L. Fox, a most popular mime, was exceedingly entertaining in the same character" (namely, Bottom).

As one of the very few surviving who saw Fox in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" let me put in a word. He played in—I think—the Old Olympic, and the time was, to the best of my recollection, the latter half of 1867 or the first half of 1868. I went with a German friend, a sculptor, who knew his English and his Shakespeare well. We agreed in the estimate that Fox's rendition of Bottom was not entirely satisfactory. It was too much on the clown order. Put negatively, we voted it *nicht gemütlich genug*. German, I admit, is at a discount at present. Yet I can't think of an English word that will take the place of *gemütlich*. It suggests humor, good nature, something *likable*. And Bottom is all that. He is no fool, least, of all a d—d fool. Now Fox's acting was on the verge of buffoonery.

J. M. HART.

Asheville, N. C., March 7.

Literature

TREITSCHKEANA.

Treitschke and the Great War. By Joseph McCabe. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1 net.

Germany, France, Russia, and Islam. By Heinrich von Treitschke. With a Foreword by George Haven Putnam. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50 net.

The Confessions of Frederick the Great, with Life by Treitschke. Edited, with an Introduction, by Douglas Sladen, and Foreword by George Haven Putnam. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25 net.

The Political Thought of Heinrich von Treitschke. By H. W. C. Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

As a harbinger of the great war, Treitschke has unexpectedly become an English classic. It would not be surprising to learn of the organization of Treitschke clubs among the bluestockings in certain quarters. He is hurried through the press like the newest society novel. It is a tribute to the strong and upright character of the man that he appears uneffaced in such various transcriptions.

Whoever wishes in condensed form the chief facts about the great eulogist of Prussia will get what he needs from Mr. McCabe's book. Its anti-German bias is pronounced, but it is largely made up of extracts, and it gives a very fair notion of Treitschke's view of the state. It is a curious picture of a naturally liberal intelligence gradually warped by the dazzling progress of Prussia's successes. Soon he began interpreting her material successes as moral successes, and this led eventually to his famous dualism by which the morality of nations is assumed to be quite other than that of individuals. Fundamentally, his statecraft boils down to a fervent belief in the divine right of the House of Hohenzollern and in the preponderance of the Prussian system in Germany. It was characteristic of his methods that he never condescended to argue these theses, any more than Prussia herself ever tried to persuade an antagonist which she was able to crush. Treitschke merely reiterated his Prussianism as axiomatic, with a dry and caustic eloquence like the crack of rifles. He had the rare pleasure of firmly believing that the thing that was was the thing that precisely ought to be.

An excellent companion volume to Mr. McCabe's book would be the translated essays on Germany, France, Russia, and Islam. These were written between the Franco-Prussian War and 1895. They are more remarkable for vigor than for insight. Treitschke approved the impending partition of Turkey largely because England opposed it, and as a safety-valve for Pan-Slavism; but failed utterly to see the future *Drang nach Osten* and the contingent hostility of Russia. His treatment of the Eastern question, which

was ultimately to imperil the existence of Germany, is singularly detached and academic. Full of actuality, however, are the two addresses on Alsace-Lorraine. His grim suggestion that the captured provinces be forced to reassume the Teutonism they had voluntarily relinquished was followed to the letter. Treitschke saw the task would be difficult. How difficult, even he did not perceive. It was his hope that the conquered provinces should be annexed by Prussia. When they became instead *Reichsland*, he took some consolation in his favorite maxim that the Empire was, after all, merely a larger Prussia. Inspired by a manly eloquence are the essays, "In Memory of the Great War," "Luther and the German Nation," and "Gustavus Adolphus." If any one entertains the delusion that the Imperial Government of Germany is in any sense representative or free, a reading of "Our Empire" should fully disabuse him. It is a stern assertion of monarchical absolutism as the foundation of the Empire. It reveals the devices by which the Bundesrath serves the Emperor while rendering the Reichstag politically impotent. Towards the Reichstag itself, with its normal development of parties, the attitude of Treitschke is frankly mistrustful and contemptuous. His exultation over the dodge by which Prussia, under the guise of federation, has sapped the sovereignty of the historic German states is significant.

The collocation of the so-called Confessions of Frederick the Great and Treitschke's essay on *der alte Fritz*, cannot be called a happy one. While the authenticity of the confessions is perhaps an open question, they smell spurious. In any case, to derive Bernhardi's Machiavellism from this rambling expression of Frederick's cynicism is far-fetched and unnecessary. Like dialectical needs produce similar results. The editor, Douglas Sladen, reveals no scholarship, and preserves no moderation in his comment. Treitschke's essay on Frederick the Great, oddly enough, is not one of his best, and is ill-translated in respect of style.

Far the most serious of these books is Mr. Davis's study; it is the only one that rises to the dignity of a portraiture. The author traces with skill and sympathy the narrowing of Treitschke's native liberalism into an intense and truculent nationalism. Of his early convictions he preserved to the end only a zeal for religious freedom, coupled with a bitter anti-Romanism. Beginning as a constitutionalist, he ended by resenting all checks upon monarchy, and by requiring absolute obedience of the citizen. The presupposition that led him to this pass was the might and justice of Prussia. He abdicated before her material prowess. His ideal for Germany was that *Einheitsstaat* which should simply be an aggrandized Prussia. That the greater Prussia which the Empire actually, if not in form, came to be, must excite the hostility of Europe, he either never foresaw, or thought it did not matter. His general ideas on European politics were vague and academic, except so far as directed by a consistent Anglophobia. From

the many well-chosen extracts presented by Mr. Davis it is clear enough that there was nothing of the great historian in Treitschke. He lacked the balance and caution for the task, and remains a sublimated pamphleteer of the Prussian dogma. His notion of internal administration is well set forth by Mr. Davis: "Roughly, Treitschke accepts the rule of Aristotle, that the people should be allowed to criticise, but not to originate measures."

With great moderation, and chiefly by quotation, Mr. Davis reveals the anti-democratic nature of the German pseudo-parliamentary system. He makes evident the sharp contrast of political ideals that underlies the world war. His book is timely, most interesting to read, and of permanent value.

CURRENT FICTION.

Victory. An Island Tale. By Joseph Conrad. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The secret of the Polish-Englishman's art of fiction is his own. It is an art which does not lend itself to easy analysis. Not the least amazing thing is the unity of the impression produced in spite of the mass of preliminary detail. Perhaps it is to gain this result that he always begins a tale in the middle and writes backward and forward to the end and the beginning. In that way the thrust is applied at the centre with consequent gain in effectiveness—according to a principle more commonly recognized in mechanics than in pure literature. It is the tragical protagonist of the tale who says, "à propos des bottes," that he is "enchanted with these islands"—meaning the islands flung out into the wide ocean from the southeastern corner of Asia. No doubt, Mr. Conrad himself is enchanted with these islands. What is more important, he projects the spell so powerfully that the reader emerges from perusal of the story with a numbing sense of being no less bewitched than was Enchanted Heyst the Swede, who, after deliberately and punctiliously drifting through the world for thirty-odd years, snatched a fiddling girl out of a vagabond female orchestra and vanished with her to his hermitage on Samburan. The story exists simply that you may be aware of these two, and when it is done with, there they are—though they are not—as real, as elusive, as indubitable, as intangible as any living soul in the flesh. Perhaps if you are well-read in your Conrad, you think you know already what the girl is like. You remember her in "Lord Jim," in "Almayer's Folly," in the tale of that strong man who made himself a gun-carriage and broke his back for the love of her. Perhaps. Only it is fairly certain that when you first meet Heyst's girl (in white muslin), coming down from the platform to mingle with the guests of Schomberg's mean hotel at Sourabaya, you are in no more danger of recognizing her as an old acquaintance than was Enchanted Heyst himself.

You also encounter in the tale two di-

verse and damnable villains: a sea captain, "the most delicate man that ever took a small steamship to and fro amongst the islands"; and a German innkeeper, in whom those who are so disposed may discover perhaps the most notable spot upon the sun of a brilliant achievement. The fellow is presented with a lieutenant-of-the-reserve manner, a temperament bluntly described as Teutonic, and so odious that one might suppose the book written in the white heat of the animosities stirred up by the present war. The fact that the story was written before the war, added to the further fact that the writer, though truly enough a lieutenant in the British naval reserve, is perfectly well known to be, not an Englishman at all, but a Pole, suggests that it is neither Englishman nor Pole reflecting through a bad sample upon the good name of an alien nation, but that it is merely the artist making use of a particular scoundrel (as he might make use of a particular pigment) for his own artistic ends. The trouble is that Schomberg remains so vividly and meanly a scoundrel and so insistently German that whatever the author's motive the presence of that forbidding figure in the book is bound to invite discussion tinged at least with acrimony. Even so, it will hardly avail to abate Conrad of his just due as a pastmaster of literary magic, or to bar this latest book of his from its rightful place well up in the first rank of the series which includes "The Nigger of the Narcissus," "Lord Jim," "Nostromo," and those briefer but not less powerful enchantments, "Youth," "The Heart of Darkness," and "The End of the Tether."

Love Letters of a Divorced Couple. By William Farquhar Payson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

If this title suggests the flippant treatment of a serious topic, it is misleading. Neither is the book one of those dreary outrages known as a "problem story." It is keenly sympathetic, intimately personal, and delightfully whimsical. The letter form is peculiarly applicable here, and the author has used it to distinct advantage. The first letter is written from Reno by the woman on the day the divorce is granted, and it is signed "Affectionately your ex-wife, Sybil." The last letter is also written by the woman, and is signed "Yours, for the first time, Sybil." Between the two notes lies the story. The only reason for the divorce lay in apparent incompatibility. There had been no great need for sacrifice on either side, and in neither had awakened a real feeling of necessity for the other. So there were petty squabbles, disputes, recriminations—and divorce. The wife crosses the Atlantic; the husband, the Pacific. Sybil, who is a beauty, attracts many admirers, and to her surprise and disgust finds herself as a divorcée in a somewhat anomalous position. Kenneth, described by his wife as "such a funny combination of man of the world and infant in arms," is imposed upon by an adventuress. In the end, having been

brought to a mutual appreciation and understanding, the two are reunited. This is not a treatise for or against divorce. It is simply the story of a man and a woman who regained, through making themselves worthy of it, that which they had never really lost.

The Unknown Country. By Coningsby Dawson. New York: Hearst's International Library Co.

A brother and sister who are devoted to each other and who are alone in the world travel endlessly until there comes a great longing to return to their old home. They are in Australia at the time, but without delay they set out on the journey northward. Suddenly, as they are among the island groups of the South Pacific, Doris, the sister, dies. She is buried there, on one of the islands inhabited only by natives, and her brother, who now feels that there is nothing left for him, stays near her grave, mourning bitterly. One night there comes a heavy storm; the man is on the beach alone, and half-crazed with grief he wanders to the door of the rock cavern where is the body of his sister. Pausing there, he hears inside the laughter of children. He bursts in the door, crosses the threshold, and finds himself—in the Unknown Country. Just what he finds in that land the author must be allowed to tell for himself. Although sentimental, the tone of the volume is dignified and in places poetic.

Pals First. By Francis Perry Elliott. New York: Harper & Bros.

Two tramps—rogues both—though with university degrees to mark the height of their fall, approach an old house in Tennessee. The younger of the two is mistaken for the master of the estate who had left home a year before to recover his health. Turning the error to their advantage, the vagabonds take up residence, posing as the young landowner and his friend, the Rev. John Blair. The older of the two, by the way, is an unfrocked English minister, who has served a sentence for a crime of which he professes to be innocent. Complications follow with rapidity. The climax comes when the pseudo-master of the house expresses his intention to marry the sweetheart of his unfortunate double. He asks Blair to marry them, but the old man has lost much of his hardness and bitterness during his life in scenes which remind him vividly of pleasanter days, and he not only refuses, but makes a complete confession to the girl. He loves his "pal," but he must forsake him. Then the "Dominie" learns that it has all been a conspiracy of silence; that "Danny" was acting a part to him only; for he was in reality the very man he was pretending to simulate. It was all done to make the "Dominie" find himself, and regain his strength and self-respect. Word is received from England that the "Dominie" has been exculpated and restored to office; the lovers are married, and the villain, a cousin of the hero, who tries to steal his fortune

and prove him dead, is banished. The mystery is too well-concealed to be entirely convincing, and the long arm of coincidence suffers an unusual strain. Nevertheless, the story is effective.

MYSTICISM: JEWISH AND ISLAMIC.

Jewish Mysticism. By J. Abelson. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1 net.

The Mystics of Islam. By Reynolds A. Nicholson. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1 net.

Dr. Abelson's volume on Jewish mysticism is a significant addition to the notable Quest series, of which Mr. G. R. S. Mead is the capable general editor and the Macmillan Company the American publishers. Small in compass, the volume presents a comprehensive examination of a fascinating subject, upholding the reputation of the author, whose important work on "The Immanence of God in Rabbinic Literature" gave him a high place in the ranks of Jewish theologians and foreshadowed the present study. It has been well pointed out by Rabbi Levi that the work was eminently necessary, and that attention to this necessity was brought to a focus by William James's total neglect of Jewish sources when dealing with subjects like Saintliness and Asceticism in his "Varieties of Religious Experience." A distinct service is rendered, moreover, in the demonstration that mysticism has been interwoven in remarkable fashion with the legal in Judaism, and this is a contradiction of the unlovely aspect of Judaism, so generally assumed by the writer of Christian apologetics of a certain school. Dr. Abelson describes mystical tendencies in Judaism from the age of the Essenes in ancient Palestine to the epoch of Neo-Hassidism in Poland in the eighteenth century. The important controversial aspect of the book is contained in the author's maintenance of the position that the tendency which threw up the mediæval Kabbalah was not a sudden foreign influence, but a steady and consistent growth.

After enumerating and commenting in detail upon the many influences which went to the making of the Zohar, Dr. Abelson remarks:

Be this as it may, we must be on guard against following the mistaken opinion of a certain set of Jewish theologians who would have us regard the whole of the mediæval Kabbalah (of which the Zohar is a conspicuous and representative part) as a sudden and strange importation from without. It is really a continuation of the old stream of Talmudic and Midrashic thought with the admixture of extraneous elements picked up, as was inevitable, by the stream's course through many lands—elements the mingling of which must have, in many ways, transformed the original color and nature of the stream.

It is interesting to note that Dr. Israel Abrahams, reviewing this volume in the *Journal of Theological Studies* (January, 1914), endorses this point of view, but suggests that mysticism implies a metaphysic as truly as does its rival, scholastic ration-

alism. Dr. Moffatt apparently endorses Dr. Abrahams in his notice in the *Hibbert Journal* (April, 1914), and the agreement upon this important point is in itself a noteworthy result of the publication of the volume. The importance of the point itself cannot be overestimated, in view of the attempt by Graetz, not unwelcome to many writers, to identify Judaism with rationalism.

Discussing the effect of the theological teaching of Moses Maimonides upon the Judaism of the day, the author says that "in the thirteenth century Judaism was in danger of becoming devitalized through the theology of Moses Maimonides, who looked upon reason as the final arbiter of the rightness or wrongness of any Jewish dogma." Judaism for him was a cult of the intellect, and the intellect only. Continuing to discuss the effect of this, he concludes his introduction by saying:

The check came in the shape of mysticism. It corrected the balance. It showed that Judaism was a religion of the feelings as well as of the intellect. It showed that the Jews' eternal quest was not to be right with Aristotle, but right with God. It showed that Judaism has a place not only for reason, but for love, too. It showed that the ideal life of the Jew was not a life of outward harmony, with rules and prescriptions, but a life of inward attachment to a divine life, which is immanent everywhere, and that the crown and consummation of all effort consists in finding a direct way to the actual presence of God.

The technical details of the book we shall pass over, but it may be well to cull some extracts from the rich collection which it provides, for Dr. Abelson has shown fine skill in selection and sympathetic insight and literary charm in the rendering of the subjects of his choice into English. In his discussion of the "Merkabah Mysticism" we get a striking passage demonstrating the resemblance of this Jewish mysticism to the Logos of Philo, as well as to the Prologue of the Fourth Gospel:

Day by day ministering angels are created from the stream of fire. They sing a poem (to God) and then pass away, as it is said, "They are new every morning; great is Thy faithfulness" (Lamentations, iii, 23). . . . From each word that comes forth from the mouth of the Holy One (blessed be He) there is created one angel, as it is said, "By the word of the Lord were the heavens made and all the host of them by the breath of His mouth" (Psalm xxxiii, 6).

The rabbis obviously understood the phrase, "the host of them," to refer, not, as we suppose, to the paraphernalia of the heavens, *i. e.*, the stars, planets, etc., but to the angelic worlds. The idea is of the word of God becoming transformed into an angel, and hence accomplishing certain tangible tasks among men, here on earth. Two interesting Platonic pronouncements in the section on the Wisdom literature are worth reproduction. There is first a passage on the soul's preëxistence:

For I was a witty child
And had a good spirit;

Yea, rather, being good, I came into a body Undeified.

And again a finely rendered passage expressing the notion of earth and matter pressing down upon the soul:

For the corruptible body presseth down the soul,
And the earthly tabernacle weigheth down
The mind that museth upon many things.

A vivid light, contradicting prevalent conceptions of the ostentation of Pharisaism, is thrown upon Jewish character by the following passages:

There are several heterogeneous passages which speak of the existence within the ancient Temple at Jerusalem of a special apartment, called the *ushkat hashaim* (chamber of the silent or secret ones). . . . According to the statement of Tosefta Shekalim (ii, 16), there were to be found in some cities of Palestine and Babylon men known as Hashaim, who reserved a special room in their house for depositing in it a charity box into which money for the poor could be put and withdrawn with the utmost silence. It was collected and distributed by men appointed for the purpose by the Hashaim, and, as it was all done with the strictest secrecy, it looks as though there was a kind of communion among the men of the order. The special chamber in the Temple, as mentioned above, was also a place where gifts for the poor were deposited in secret and withdrawn for distribution in secret.

This is not perhaps a justification for scientific philanthropy, but it is a concept of charity of the highest possible nobility.

Dr. Abrahams thinks that Dr. Abelson has given too little weight to the erotic element in his treatment of the Zohar, his final study, and Dr. Moffatt remarks that this erotic element is not peculiar to Judaism, though it was to the allegorical interpretation of Canticles that it probably owed its start or impetus in Christianity. The most interesting part of this chapter is Dr. Abelson's comment on the Zohar's doctrine of Divine love:

Judaism for the Jew can never be a mere soulless formalism so long as the Zohar's doctrine of Divine love is an integral part of Judaism.

Dr. Nicholson's volume of the Quest series adds another to the remarkably valuable monographs which the series includes and forms, as it were, a complement to Dr. Abelson's. The writer remarks very aptly in his introduction that

If Judaism, Christianity, and Islam have no little in common in spite of their deep dogmatic differences, the spiritual content of that common element can best be appreciated in Jewish, Christian, and Islamic Mysticism, which bears equal testimony to that ever-deepening experience of the soul when the spiritual worshipper, whether he be follower of Moses or Jesus or Mohammed, turns wholeheartedly to God.

Dr. Abelson acknowledges the influence of Sufism and Gnosticism upon Jewish mysticism. Dr. Nicholson's postulation in his admirable chapter on the Gnosés, that "the Gnostic recognizes that the law is valid and

necessary in the moral sphere," seems to be in substantial agreement with Professor Scott's essential point, expressed in his article, "Gnosticism," in the *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*, that the affinities of Gnosticism were with religion rather than with philosophy, but these scholars seem to be at variance when Dr. Scott adds that "the redemption which the Gnostics preached was a spiritual enlightenment which operated by means that were not primarily ethical," while Dr. Nicholson says: "Not all Sufis are Gnostics; and, as I have mentioned before, those who are not ripe for the Gnosis receive from their Gnostic teachers the ethical instruction suitable to their needs." Mr. S. A. Cook, in a paper on "The Evolution and Survival of Primitive Thought," reprinted from "Essays and Studies presented to William Ridgeway," aptly uses the reëmergence of mystical phenomena to illustrate his thesis. The comparative study of mysticism suggests "a fundamental relationship between the most primitive of existing and the most advanced of the historic religions." This, says Professor Moffatt, is particularly true of magic and the Eucharist.

The same point of view is evidently held by Dr. Nicholson, who concludes an excellent chapter on Saints and Miracles as follows:

The historian of Sufism must acknowledge, however deeply he may deplore, the fundamental position occupied by the doctrine of Saintship and the tremendous influence which it has exerted in its practical results—groveling submission to the authority of an ecstatic class of men, dependence on their favors, pilgrimage to their shrines, adoration of their relics, devotion of every mental and spiritual faculty to their service. It may be dangerous to worship God by one's own inner light, but it is far more deadly to seek Him by the inner light of another. Vicarious holiness has no compensations. This truth is expressed by the mystical writers in many an eloquent passage, but I will content myself with quoting a few lines from the life of "Alā 'uddīn Altar." His biographer relates that he said, "It is more right and worthy to dwell beside God than to dwell beside God's creatures," and that the following verse was often on his blessed tongue:

How long will you worship at the tombs of holy men?
Busy yourself with the works of holy men, and you
Are saved.

Apropos of the importance attached by Dr. Abelson to the doctrine of Divine love by the Jewish mystic, and of his acknowledgment of the contribution of Sufism and Gnosticism to the Jewish system, it is of considerable interest to examine Dr. Nicholson's exceedingly clear and succinct treatment of this part of his subject in a chapter headed Divine Love.

The self-same imagery of the mystical marriage which so delighted the Jewish mystic seems to have imbued the Moslem, and in the conclusion of this chapter we have a quotation from a poet and Dr. Nicholson's concluding comment as follows:

Ye who in search of God, of God, pursue,
Ye need not search for God is You, is You,

Why seek ye something that was missing ne'er?
Save you none is, but you are—where, or, where?

Where is the lover when the Beloved has displayed Himself? Nowhere and everywhere; his individuality has passed away from him. In the bridal chamber of Unity God celebrates the mystical message of the Soul. The Sufi who sets out to seek God calls himself a "traveller" (*salik*); he advances by slow stages (*magamat*) along a path (*tariquat*) to the goal of union with Reality (*Faun fil-Hagg*).

Dr. Nicholson, like Dr. Abelson, provides an interesting bibliography and a good index.

A LIFE OF CICERO.

Cicero of Arpinum: A Political and Literary Biography. By E. G. Sihler. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$2.50 net.

Professor Sihler has long been a careful and comprehensive reader in the field to which this volume belongs. Every year of his life-work has counted directly or indirectly as preparation for this biography, as for its predecessor, the "Annals of Cæsar," published a few years ago, and honored by republication in Germany, from the press of Teubner. The classical specialist knows *a priori* that he must read this book, and he will not read it without profit. Many will go through its pages, however, with a growing wish that the author had drawn from his Ciceronian studies a more adequate measure of Cicero's ability to express his thoughts in smoothly flowing and rhetorically articulated speech. The annalistic method—each year from 91 B. C. until Cicero's death being taken up separately and treated in an average of less than ten pages—doubtless enhanced the difficulty of good literary form. There are countless infelicities, however, which cannot be charged to this limitation, and one is led to suspect that Dr. Sihler has cast his lot with those modern students of history who look upon literary excellence as *prima facie* an interloper in the field of historical investigation.

In his attitude towards Cicero himself, Dr. Sihler is not a blind admirer, though wholly free from the militantly depreciatory spirit of Drumann and Mommsen, whose attacks he occasionally repulses with vigor. In intellect, he tells us, Cicero was swift and successful in apprehending points and principles, but this quality was unfortunately coupled with an excessive sensitiveness in the domain of feeling and emotion. He took the noblest sentiments of his favorite Greek philosophers seriously and made them vitalizing forces in his own life. There was ever in his consciousness the conflict of two voices never quite in harmony, that of the scholar and idealist on the one hand, and that of the practical man of the world on the other, needing material success and unable always to find it without concessions contrary to his better judgment. And yet with the whole story before us he cannot be condemned as seriously lacking in the field

of fidelity to political convictions. As a great orator he naturally developed a craving for the applause which seems to be the witness and measure of oratorical success. If he offends modern ideas of propriety in his readiness to appreciate and assert his own triumphs, we must remember that the standards of his time in such matters were different. A modern poet could hardly repeat Horace's *Exegi monumentum ære perennius*, and yet we do not condemn Horace as given over to absurd self-conceit.

Cicero is entitled to a fair hearing, uninfluenced by a desire to exalt Cæsar, the imperialist, at his expense. Dr. Sihler's work is of great value in helping the student of Roman history justly to appreciate Cicero's place therein. But the Life of Cicero needed by the broader circle of modern readers is yet to be written. When it is written it will neither assume a detailed knowledge of Roman history nor attempt to supply that knowledge, but will set forth in its relations to the deeper currents of human life one of the most interesting lives ever lived.

USES OF PROFLIGACY.

A Great Peacemaker: The Diary of James Gallatin, 1813-1827. With an Introduction by Viscount Bryce. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50 net.

James Gallatin, the writer of this Diary, was the son of a great man, and enjoyed unusual opportunities for public service. At the age of sixteen he was taken by his father to Europe, to serve as his private secretary, and for nearly seven years he lived in foreign capitals, indulging his taste for dress and society, neglecting a career, and frittering away his time in doing exactly what his father advised him not to do. He had the offer of a place in the house of Barings; he considered a diplomatic career; he more than once resolved to occupy himself with something serious; but the fair openings were set aside, he preferred a life of aimless pleasure, and his sense of responsibility never responded to the call of duty. His diary reflects his character. It describes his dress, his social activities, the practical and often coarse jokes of his friends, and his many intrigues with women. He tastes to the dregs the cup of careless living, dwells upon unsavory incidents, and makes sport of the serious-minded mother, whose name, Hannah, is not once mentioned in the volume, nor even in the index. His sister he admires because of her beauty, but fears she will make a match not to his liking; as to his brother, who prefers to return to America, he deplors his taste for low company—the farmers of Pennsylvania—his own standard ranging from the court under the Bourbons to the grisettes of the streets. For a wonder, he does not gamble. He has compiled a French memoir, clever and readable, but displaying at full length his own snobbery and weak personality. Somewhat *blasé* at twenty-six, he marries the daughter of a San Domingo refugee, and passes a life of

obscurity in Geneva. His one haunting fear was a necessity of returning to America.

"Infamation is infamation," writes the true society reporter, Jeames, "no matter what the infamy," and this diary has its uses. For his father the diarist has a deep and worthy admiration, even when running the risk of bringing upon him scandal and disgrace. The elder Gallatin's coolness under difficulty, his serenity under annoyance, his broad treatment of men and things, his high sense of honor, his affection for his family and relatives, and his utter disregard of his own interests while in high public service—what an example for a young man to follow! It is a picture of a wise, far-sighted diplomat, a statesman of large qualities, and a mind of fine habit, equally capable in finesse and in general principles, always at full command, and a balance only temporarily ruffled by troublesome colleagues, captious superiors, or adverse conditions. On one occasion only is he represented as really angry, when he accidentally stumbles upon Napoleon's Trianon decree, which had tricked Madison's relations with France so completely. The Diary does not add to what was known of Gallatin, but by light touches confirms the generally accepted view of his character.

On other subjects, where the young man's interests are not so immediately concerned, it is difficult to decide how far the judgments are his own, and how far they reflect those of his father. He speaks of Gallatin's feeling his exclusion from the Presidency, of his low opinion of Clay, of his mixed expressions on Adams, and of his restlessness under annoyances at Ghent and at Paris through colleagues and instructions. In this, as in the incidents of Lafayette's love of petty plotting, Madame Bonaparte's plans for herself and son, Madame de Staël's position, and matters of negotiation, he doubtless only expresses the father's opinion. He speaks for himself on social Paris, and the comment is that of a man of fashion, that of a small man, writing not to expose the pretensions of fashionable society, but to record scandal and his share in it. Even on this side the record suffers in comparison with that of Gouverneur Morris. More of the father and less of the son would have produced as valuable a work of social history as Morris's diary.

Of the editing much might be said, for the errors are many and not easily excused. Names suffer needlessly—Chatellon, Levitt Harris, Reubell, Eustace, and Ogle Taylor may serve as examples of misspelling. Baron Humboldt is confused with his brother in the note on p. 26; the dinner at Ghent occurred on August 23, not 21; Castlereagh told his Cabinet he had seen none of the American mission at Ghent, a statement difficult to harmonize with that on p. 30; the "trouble" on p. 13 should have been explained, for it led to some exchange of notes at the time, though it is now forgotten. The Fulton anecdote (p. 146) is of doubtful merit, and while a "daily sermon" from Jeremy Bentham, twice mentioned, may account for

the mother's severity, it marks the son's and editor's ignorance of Taylor. The fact that every letter and dispatch in the volume, except those of Madame de Staël and Humboldt, had been printed in Adams's "Writings of Gallatin," should have been mentioned.

A MOROCCAN HYMENÆAL.

Marriage Ceremonies in Morocco. By Edward Westermarck. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$3 net.

As early as 1901 Professor Westermarck had announced in the third English edition of "The History of Human Marriage" that he was then engaged in anthropological research in Morocco. The present work embodies the results of these researches, made during sixteen journeys to that country and a residence of more than six years among the Berber and other tribes which inhabit it, differing from one another—to make the task more difficult—in language and customs.

The book is in purpose and character wholly unlike "The History of Human Marriage" and that other work which doubly assured Professor Westermarck's reputation as a writer, namely, "The Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas," being an intensive study and description of local beliefs and practices from which all but a minimum of theory and interpretation has been excluded. Even in the tenth and last chapter of the book, which is devoted to Summary and Explanations, there is complete absence of controversial matter and of any attempt to establish theory, such as characterized his previous writings and won favor for his opinions, notwithstanding their divergence from the conclusions of Darwin, Spencer, and other authorities in his field. In short, the author's disagreement with the principle "that the field-anthropologist should aim only at collecting facts and leave it to the anthropologists at home to explain them," is so completely subordinated to the care which he exercises "to avoid mixing up his own interpretations of facts with the observed facts themselves" that his work seems to fit loosely the gap which it is designed to fill.

Aside from this, the chief defect in Professor Westermarck's method of presenting his study, it should be said that he appears to equal advantage in the rôle of field- and home-anthropologist. The facts described in the work were gathered from direct observation at weddings which Westermarck attended "either as invited guest or as a spectator in Moorish disguise," supplemented by oral information "obtained both from men and women" of the twenty or more tribes which he visited.

To those unfamiliar with the complicated ceremonial of half-civilized peoples, the amazing intricacy and seeming artificiality of these marriage customs are perhaps the most striking features of the data thus collected. One is, therefore, surprised to learn that in a country where, for days preceding the marriage, the procedure of both the contracting parties, and even that of their rela-

tives, is rigidly prescribed to the last detail, "Mohammedan law appoints no specific ceremony for the celebration of a marriage," and in many of the tribes the marriage contract is seldom reduced to written form, a verbal contract being deemed quite sufficient.

The book is divided into nine chapters, which deal successively with the ceremonial of betrothal, the payment of dowry, the customs which prevail in the homes of bride and bridegroom, the fetching of the bride, her reception at her future home, the ceremonies attendant upon the meeting of the couple, the manner in which the wedding is terminated, and the subsequent formalities required of the participants. All these, from the formal haggling over a dowry whose amount is previously fixed upon by relatives, to the last day of the protracted wedding feast, require strict observance, and even though the origin be forgotten, possess deep religious significance.

Certain of these ceremonies, such as the purification by water, bread, flour, or wheat, the use of candles—there must usually be four—to ward off evil spirits, the music and singing and peculiar "quivering noise" made by the women, the firing off of guns, wearing of charms and silver coins, shutting up of the bride in a box, staining her hands and feet with henna, pulling up the backs of the bride's and bridegroom's slippers, beating or tapping the bride and bridegroom with the hand or slipper, and pelting with stones and other objects, are common to all the tribes, while other ceremonies appear to be of local signification only. The mere enumeration of these curious practices, which Professor Westermarck has recorded with such minuteness, would exceed the limits of this review. It is important to note that "their wedding ceremonies are not empty formalities, but practices which are supposed to influence the welfare of individuals, families, and whole communities."

As the ceremonies in the various Moorish tribes frequently differ but little from one another, this faithful description of their characteristics makes numerous repetitions unavoidable. Despite the presentation of much information that will prove novel and interesting to the general reader, one can, therefore, hardly avoid confusion at times. Although Westermarck disavows the "attempt to lay down any general theory as to the origin of marriage ceremonies," his book points the conclusion at which Mr. Ernest Crawley arrived. Stated in Professor Westermarck's own words, it is, that "the ceremonies of marriage are intended to neutralize the dangers supposed to be connected with all contact between man and woman and with the state of marriage itself, as also to make the union safe, prosperous, and happy. . . ." There is little, indeed, in the descriptions offered which does not bear out the view that marriage among these peoples has portentous significance, and that the united efforts of bride and groom, parents, cousins, and friends, are necessary to render innocuous the hostile jinns, who are ever-present and observant at the union.

Notes

Harper & Brothers announce for publication this week "The Life-Builders," by Elizabeth Dejeans; "Plays of the Pioneers," by Constance D'Arcy Mackay, and "Early English Hero Tales," by Jeannette Marks.

"Little Blue Bird," by William Lovell Finley and Irene Finley, will be published by Houghton Mifflin Company on Saturday.

The Oxford University Press announces the publication of an "Anthology of Patriotic Prose," selected by Frederick Page.

The Macmillan Company announces the publication next week of "Alice and a Family," by St. John G. Ervine, and "The Hand of Peril," by Arthur Stringer.

Thomas Y. Crowell Company announces for early publication "European Rulers: Their Modern Significance," by Arthur E. Bestor.

"A Girl of the Blue Ridge," by Payne Erskine, will be published on April 15 by Little, Brown & Co.

The following volumes are announced for publication on Saturday by G. P. Putnam's Sons: "Why Europe Is at War," by various contributors, with an introduction by Gen. F. V. Greene; "The Third Great War," by Laurie Magnus; "America and the New World-State," by Norman Angell; "Paris Waits," by M. E. Clarke; "The Jester," by Leslie Moore; "John Shaw Billings: A Memoir," by Fielding H. Garrison.

We are requested to announce that the nineteenth annual meeting of the American Academy of Political and Social Science will be held on Friday and Saturday, April 30 and May 1, in Philadelphia. The topics discussed will fall under the general heading of "America's Interests as Affected by the European War."

There is a particular timeliness in a new edition of Stevens's most brilliant effort, "With Kitchener to Khartum" (Dodd, Mead). The criticism that the shrewd Rosa Bonheur passed on Ruskin after a visit from the great impresario likewise applies to Stevens, who was a master of a similar gift for descriptive prose—"He sees Nature with a little eye—the eye of a bird." But Stevens, who did for the British soldier in prose what Kipling has done in rhyme, was interested in men of action; in Kipling's phrase, for him they "bulked big." And Kitchener impressed Stevens more than any other of his military subjects. This study has a chariness of description that somehow befits his subject; a few telling strokes, and Kitchener stands revealed. Stevens early seized upon the gift for management as he saw it tested in the campaign that sent Kitchener to fame. "His precision is so inhumanly unerring," Stevens remarked; "he is more like a machine than a man. You feel that he ought to be patented and shown with pride at the Paris International Exhibition. British Empire: Exhibit No. 1, *hors concours*, the Sudan Machine. It was aptly said of him by one who had closely watched him in his office, and in the field, and at mess, that he is the sort of feller that ought to be made manager of the Army and Navy Stores. . . .

He would be a splendid manager of the Army and Navy Stores. There are some who nurse a desperate hope that he may some day be appointed to sweep out the War Office. He would be a splendid manager of the War Office. He would be a splendid manager of anything." There is something prophetic about this picture touching both the Paris Exhibition and the War Office. Steevens's wonderful descriptive powers are here seen at their best, in his stirring description of the decisive battle of Omdurman, and the subsequent service in memory of Gordon at the ruined Residency at Khartum.

The latest addition to the Hart, Schaffner & Marx Prize Economic Essays is Arthur E. Suffer's "Conciliation and Arbitration in the Coal Industry of America" (Houghton Mifflin; \$2 net). The author reviews according to the best historical methods the rise of the United Mine Workers of America, and of the Coal Operators' Associations, and the resulting evolution from individual bargaining to a method of adjusting wages and settling differences by conferences between the employer and employed. With this study is necessarily included that of a much more tangible development—the growth of a new tolerance of employers and employees each for the other, and of a spirit of actual coöperation. There are chapters on industrial relations in the British and Canadian coal-fields, and the author attempts to show in conclusion that, as abroad, arbitration will involve the nation in new problems vitally related to public welfare, and that the public as a third party must undertake functions which the other two parties cannot perform. His statement of the need of a law facilitating the settlement of industrial disputes is convincing. A slight bias in favor of labor is manifested in his treatment of historic controversies in the coal industry.

The Woodberry Society publishes in a thin volume two lectures delivered by George Edward Woodberry on the Larwill Foundation of Kenyon College in May, 1913, under the title, "Two Phases of Criticism: Historical and Æsthetic." They bear interesting testimony to recent controversy in the field, revealing a less than cordial reception of what has been termed the "new criticism." Indeed, the first lecture grows warm in maintaining the function of a criticism that is not so far in the vanguard, leading up to the declaration: "The diversity of art not only makes interpretation necessary to its understanding, but also renders judgment of its value, intellectual, moral, technical, very useful, both in guiding the mind in its choice and in establishing the relative place that any particular artist or art period has in the whole field. . . . If art is to be known historically—and that is clearly the meaning of the injunction to recreate the works of art as they were in the minds of the original maker—then criticism must be both historical and judicial; it must recreate the past in environment and temperament, and it must analyze the contents of art, in any particular case, to discover its worth." To be sure, the author's native New England idealism seems in places to be tinged with the philosophy of Croce, as when he avers that "almost involuntarily and unconsciously, in recreating the work of art we remake it in ourselves and not in its own world, and the meaning we charge it with is our own personality and not that of its original creator. . . . It is not the poet, but

the reader, who writes the poem." But the fine fervor of the lecture on æsthetic criticism, where the last passage occurs, is due to the romantic conception of the revelatory function of art. "There are other ways than art, it is true, by which the soul comes into its own; but in the way of art it is by recreating in ourselves the past forms of the spirit, vitally appropriating them and charging them with our own life, that we win most directly and happily to true self-knowledge of the wonderful creature that man is." Not often is an utterance on criticism clothed in so winning an eloquence as his restrained yet glowing description of the artist-life of the soul—"a life of discovery, of growth, of freedom; but what is most precious in it, and most characterizes it, is a prophetic quality that abides in its experiences."

Some sixteen years ago a review appeared in these columns of "The Martyrdom of an Empress," in which occurred the following: ". . . it is the peculiar misfortune of Elizabeth of Austria . . . that the true history of her strange and sad life is apparently not to be told even after her death." The master of biographical fiction whose book was then under consideration returned to the subject at least once in "The Keystone of Empire," and since then the Empress has suffered many things from many chroniclers, till last year there came Countess Larisch, who, having no real message, contented herself with voiding her spleen on her deceased relative *à la main gauche*. Hers was an unpleasant book; but still we knew who the author was, and could judge of her capacity for telling the truth in the premises—if she chose. In the present case, however ("The Secret of an Empress." By Countess Zanardi Landi. New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.; \$4 net), we are confronted at the outset with the question: Who on earth is the Countess Zanardi Landi? The author's own answer is that she is the fourth child of Francis-Joseph and Elizabeth, who, born in secrecy, was brought up in obscurity according to her mother's ideas of how a woman—not an archduchess—should be reared. We are told how, after years of intermittent, and necessarily surreptitious, companionship with the Empress, in preparation for the great event, she failed of recognition as a princess of Austria owing to her mother's tragic end; and how, after many vicissitudes, including a brief experience as cook in the Yale Hotel in Vancouver, B. C., she decided, backed by her second husband, Count Zanardi Landi, to present her case at "the bar of public opinion." We are inclined to doubt whether "the bar of public opinion" will prove more amenable here than it did in England, where the book was first published.

Of making card-catalogues there shall be no end, but it may well be doubted whether a more analytical one will appear in print than Dr. Robert S. Forsythe's "The Relations of Shirley's Plays to the Elizabethan Drama" (Columbia University Press; \$2). His is not the familiar attempt to ferret out an author's sources. How could Shirley have had any leisure to write his two score or so of plays had he perused the six hundred dramas recorded by Dr. Forsythe? The author seems ruefully to confess that only five hundred and twenty of them are Elizabethan, but as a matter of fact he grows weary of the numberless titles—he does not trouble himself to

introduce a single quotation mark or a single italic to distinguish them from other names. Some of his notes, moreover, are embedded in the text, while others are relegated to the foot of the page. Nevertheless, with an assiduity worthy of a Reinhardtstoettner he indicates the elements in these five hundred and twenty plays that appear in each of Shirley's pieces, just to show how conventional this successful post-Elizabethan dramatist was. That is, he has conveniently presented a superabundance of proof for what virtually every critic has conceded in advance. But the real distinction of Dr. Forsythe's performance lies elsewhere—in Chapter IV, containing "lists of stock incidents, situations, devices, and characters," "the first attempt at classifying and grouping the various conventionalized elements of the Elizabethan drama." For example, if you have seen Mr. Wu in a recent melodrama perish miserably of poison, and you wish to learn what poets in the spacious times of great Elizabeth elaborated the same cheerful spectacle, you simply turn to page 73 and read a chronological list of twenty plays beginning with "Henry VI, Part II," III, 2, 3, and concluding with Shirley's own "St. Patrick for Ireland," III, 1. To render the search more alluring, he provides two indexes, one to authors and topics, and another, carefully prepared, of plays and masques. In a word, the book is a firmly grounded and arduously up-built *opus reticulatum* of indexing.

Thomas Raynesford Lounsbury, professor emeritus of English in Sheffield Scientific School, Yale University, died suddenly on April 9, in his seventy-eighth year. Professor Lounsbury was born in Ovid, N. Y., and graduated from Yale in 1859. For the next two years he was assistant editor of "Appleton's Encyclopædia." He served throughout the Civil War, and for the next five years he was engaged in miscellaneous literary work, and then became reader in English in Sheffield Scientific School, being made a professor the following year. He served in that capacity until he was made emeritus professor in 1906. He was also librarian of the Scientific School from 1873 to 1906. Professor Lounsbury was actively interested in the campaign for a simplification of English spelling, and was elected president of the Simplified Spelling Board in 1910. He edited Chaucer's "Parliament of Fables" and was author of "History of the English Language," "Life of James Fenimore Cooper," "Studies in Chaucer," "Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist," "Shakespeare and Voltaire," "The Standard of Pronunciation in English," "The Text of Shakespeare," "The Standard of Usage in English," "English Spelling and Spelling Reform," "The Early Literary Career of Robert Browning," and "Tab Book of American Verse." He edited the complete works of Charles Dudley Warner, with a biographical sketch. Professor Lounsbury received the degree of A.M. from Yale in 1877, LL.D. from Yale in 1892, from Harvard the following year, and from Aberdeen in 1906. Lafayette conferred on him the L.H.D. in 1895, and Princeton the same degree in 1896. He was a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

Francis Hopkinson Smith, artist, author, engineer, lighthouse builder, and raconteur, died on April 7. He was born of an old Virginian family at Baltimore on October 23, 1838, the son of Francis Hopkinson and Susan (Teakle) Smith. He was destined for Prince-

ton, but his early education was interrupted by family reverses, and at the age of sixteen he entered a hardware store in Baltimore at the munificent salary of \$50 a year. Working up from these modest beginnings, he became one of the best known engineers and contractors in the country. Among the most important of his engineering works may be mentioned the building of the Government sea-wall around Governor's Island; another sea-wall at Tompkinsville, S. I.; the Race Rock lighthouse off New London, and the foundation for the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty. It was as an engineer that Hopkinson Smith preferred to be known; painting and writing, he would say, "I simply found waiting like waifs on the doorstep of my life, and I took them in—I couldn't help it." Nevertheless, it is probably by his "hobbies" that he is best known. He lectured on subjects connected with art, and specimens of his work in water colors and charcoal hang in many galleries. He was besides an indefatigable author, no less than twenty-seven titles of published works being attributed to him in "Who's Who." Perhaps his most successful work was "Caleb West, Master Diver," published in 1898, but as recently as 1913 he published a book of great charm called "In Thackeray's London." As a raconteur, genial and of infinite versatility, he will long be affectionately remembered among his friends. Mr. Smith was the recipient at various times of numerous medals; he was a commander of the Turkish Orders of Mejdieh and of Osmanieh, and received the L.H.D. from Yale in 1907.

Science

GARDEN AND FARM BOOKS.

The Amateur Garden. By George W. Cable. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.

The Lure of the Land. By Harvey W. Wiley. New York: The Century Co. \$1.40 net.

The Principles of Fruit Growing. By L. H. Bailey. New York: Macmillan Co. \$1.75 net.

In writing a book on gardening, George W. Cable is not disregarding the proverb advising the cobbler to stick to his last, for he knows how to make such a book as entertaining as his stories (at least to those who are interested in gardening) and, moreover, as he puts it, a well-revised garden is "a true story happening artistically." He has lived three-fifths of his adult life at Northampton, Mass., and the chief object of this book is to relate how that place has been transformed into a sort of garden city which should serve as a model to American towns everywhere. In most of these, until of late, the art of gardening has been neglected. "Now and then we see, or more likely we read about, some garden of wonderful beauty; but the very fame of it points to the fact that really artistic gardening is not democratically general with us." As compared with other nations, we are, in this matter, "at the wrong end of the procession." Our cities and towns are full of "home-dwellers each privately puzzled to know why every

one of his neighbors' houses, however respectable in architecture, stares at him and after him with a vacant, deaf-mute air of having just landed in this country, without friends." Lawns alone do not remedy matters; of them Mr. Cable repeatedly speaks disrespectfully. Nor has he much use for formal gardening. Such gardening is in place about the palatial dwellings of men of princely revenue; there it may be enchanting. But American life is too busy for it, wherefore it is apt to be handed over to professionals and become that very unsatisfying thing, a "gardener's garden."

What kind of a garden we ought to have, and are bound to have, Mr. Cable tells in five chapters, headed *My Own Acre*, *The American Garden*, *Where to Plant What*, *The Cottage Gardens of Northampton*, *The Private Garden's Public Value*, and *The Midwinter Gardens of New Orleans*, which, he explains, are what they are not by mere advantage of climate, but thanks also to bounds of ownership (hedges, vine-clad fences, or walls) which can be copied anywhere in our land. But the chief value of Mr. Cable's new book lies in its telling how in Northampton, a city of only 20,000 inhabitants, emulation and good example brought it about that more than a thousand amateur gardeners have competed in one year for prizes.

Dr. Wiley has as good a right to talk about farming as about chemistry and the adulteration of foods. He was born and brought up on the farm, and after a stormy life he has again retired to it. He has made an exhaustive study of its many problems, and his new book can be read with profit by all who are engaged in agricultural tasks. It is not for those, however, that it is intended so much as for "the man who tires, as every good man should tire, of city life." He realizes the almost hopeless effort to depopulate the city; realizes, also, that, "as a rule, the most unhappy man you meet is the so-called suburbanite." His observation is that it is rare for a man who has devoted his more active life to other pursuits in the city to become a successful farmer. He has no wish to encourage what he calls "ruralitis"; he points out the many difficulties which confront the city man turned farmer. He also paints in glowing colors the charms of country life; and, then, to those who decide to follow the lure of the land, he offers thirty chapters of sound scientific advice which will greatly diminish their chances of failure. In his opinion, the most important thing to be considered is, Does the whole family desire the change? If wife and daughter do not, "the venture is sure to be a failure." To those already on the farm, he preaches the wisdom of being more considerate of the women of the family by buying modern conveniences that greatly lessen their labor. For all laborers, he argues, there is need of a revised environment. He feels some alarm lest small farms disappear; he has a good word for the middleman, as well as for the parcel post, which directly links farmer and consumer. He dwells on agricultural wastes and possibilities of soils. Intensive farming

is the farming of the future. To Dr. Wiley, extensive farming, as formerly practiced on so large a scale, is "agricultural highway robbery." The orchard is "a recreation and sometimes a source of profit." These glimpses give a faint idea of the multitude of interesting topics discussed in "The Lure of the Land," or "Farming After Fifty."

Professor Bailey's "Principles of Fruit-Growing" appears in its twentieth edition, a fact which eloquently attests its worth. The present edition has been revised and rewritten throughout, so that it embodies the latest information on fruit-growing in all parts of the country. The outlook for fruit-growing is discussed, together with the organization of the business; there are remarks on garden and amateur fruit-growing as well as the commercial kind; there are chapters on tillage and fertilizers; on plants and planting; on the care of orchards; on birds, worms, insects, frosts, and other enemies to be fought; on harvesting and marketing—in short, no possible aspect of the matter is overlooked. Perhaps the remarks as to the best time for picking fruits are written more from the grower's point of view than from that of the consumer, who is interested less in keeping qualities than in flavor.

The name of Lamarck is not mentioned in Caspar L. Redfield's "Dynamic Evolution" (Putnam; \$1.50 net). The theory of evolution which the writer formulates may be found, however, precisely stated as the First and Second Laws of that eminent French savant, and published by him 105 years ago. That the author has the courage of his convictions may be inferred from his opening paragraph: "Scientists think they believe in evolution, but they really believe in special creation. They have established, with a fair degree of certainty, that the animals of to-day are the genetic descendants of different animals of earlier ages, but their explanation of how the earlier animals became transformed into the present animals involves nothing but special creation." Horses, cattle, and dogs are the sources of his facts, and the consideration of the 2:10 trotter occupies the bulk of the volume. Two quotations may be presented, comment being unnecessary: "There is but one solution, and that is that the parents themselves must have accumulated by work more energy than they dissipated by idleness, and must have transmitted this accumulation to their offspring." And again: "Breeding trotters is probably the most uncertain of business. . . . Nearly every year sees some extraordinary trotter arise from a wholly unexpected source, and frequently from some branch which never before produced anything above mediocre ability." If only the inheritance of acquired characters were a fraction of the panacea for evolutionary ills which Lamarck hoped, evolutionists would indeed welcome it. Perspective is what the present author lacks. He dwells upon and attempts to explain the increase of "energy" which, from Boston Blue, trotting a mile in 3:00 in the year 1818, developed Uhlan, who holds the record for 1912 at 1:58. If, instead, he would ponder on the evolution of the four-toed, terrier-sized Eohippus upwards to the aforesaid Boston Blue, he would perhaps realize that his adopted theory, if operative at all, is only a single unimportant factor among a multitude.

Drama

THE STAGE IN LONDON—BARRIE'S BURLESQUE—PRODUCTIONS OF STAGE SOCIETIES.

By WILLIAM ARCHER.

LONDON, March 23.

When the curtain rose last night on Sir James Barrie's burlesque, "Rosy Rapture, the Pride of the Beauty Chorus," a richly furnished boudoir was dimly revealed. Enter a stately butler with a taper. He applies it to a lamp down R., and behold! a chandelier up L. blazes forth. Then he applies the taper down L., thereby lighting a lamp up R.—and so on. Presently a lady pulls a bell-rope, the butler instantly appears with the words, "You rang, my lady?" and not until he has uttered them is the sound of the bell heard "off." These things are typical: the burlesque makes fun, and sometimes quite good fun, of the small absurdities and conventions of the stage. There is no harm in this; but one cannot but regret that Sir James Barrie does not fly a little higher. He has given us, in "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire," one of the most delicate and trenchant pieces of dramatic criticism ever written—a piece which impales, like a butterfly on a pin, the whole Sardou school of drawing-room melodrama. In spite of its more restrained and subtle form, it ranks essentially with Buckingham's "Rehearsal," Holberg's "Ulysses von Ithacia," and Sheridan's "Critic," among the plays that clear the air with a gust of bracing common-sense. "Rosy Rapture" will not clear the air of anything worth mentioning. It does not impale even butterflies, but rather pricks soap bubbles. The effect is agreeable enough; but one is inclined to adapt an old adage for Sir James Barrie's behoof, and say "De minimis non curat satira."

There are three fairly distinguishable ideas in "Rosy Rapture": the first refers to a forgotten state of things, the second to a negligible state of things, the third to a state of things which has not yet arisen. Some years ago—I really forget when, but it seems very ancient history—a couple of plays were produced in which the *clou* was a bedroom scene, showing a lady undressing while a man is concealed in her wardrobe. A fine flavor of impropriety was hereby secured, while the proprieties were apparently saved by the fact that the concealed intruder was the lady's husband. The first idea, then, in "Rosy Rapture" is that the Lover—the third party in the Eternal Triangle—has been superseded and thrown out of work by the Husband in the Wardrobe. At the time when the wardrobe-plays had their unsavory little vogue, this whimsy might have been very entertaining. As it was, the audience had manifest difficulty in recalling the plays referred to, and "catching on" to the joke. There was, however, a very happy idea in the character of the villain whose career is

thwarted by an unfortunate heredity. One of his remote ancestors was a man of irreproachable virtue; and just as the villain is on the verge of some daring crime, this ancestor always resurges in his soul, and he is paralyzed by an atavism of integrity. This is a first-rate burlesque invention, but too little is made of it.

The second theme on which the author plays is the *nostalgie de la rampe*, which is supposed to come over a chorus-girl peeress at eight o'clock every evening, and to threaten to tear her away from the joys of domesticity—from her high-born mate and even from the perambulator of her infant. Rosy Rapture does, in fact, succumb to this temptation, whereupon the babe, realizing the urgency of the case, sets off in its motor-perambulator, inspects all the stately homes of England where ex-chorus-girls preside, and returns with the happy suggestion that the way to prevent mummy from rejoining the chorus is to invite the chorus to rejoin mummy every evening at dinner-time. The Odyssey of the Perambulator, displayed on the cinematograph, is amusing enough; but the inspiration cannot be called brilliant.

The third idea seems to have no relation to existing facts. It is that, in musical plays, the "superbly incompetent chorus" eclipses the leading lady and practically elbows her off the stage; so that Rosy Rapture, desiring to return to the chorus, has to begin at the bottom of the ladder, as leading lady, and gradually work her way up. The notion is amusing in itself, but it seems, like the legendary chimera, to "bominate in a vacuum." I need scarcely add that it is not by any of these ideas that the burlesque is either made or marred, but by the gay gambolling and daring dancing of Mlle. Gaby Deslys, and by the quiet humor of Mr. Jack Norworth, a capital American comedian. Mlle. Deslys and Mr. Norworth play a cleverly written scene between a French peasant-girl and a British Tommy, conducted by aid of a phrase-book and under the restraints laid down by Lord Kitchener's injunctions to the British army. The passage was much applauded; but to my mind it is ill jesting with a world-tragedy.

A very Barrie-ish little one-act play precedes the burlesque. It is called "The New Word"; and the new word, which turns out to be two words, is "Second Lieutenant." Thousands of British families, as the author suggests, did not know until six months ago that such a thing as a second lieutenant existed; and now all their hopes and fears in life are centred in one or more second lieutenants. Sir James plays gently and charmingly with this historic situation. The scene is "Any Home Nowadays"; the characters are a father, mother, son, and daughter. The father is fifty, the son is nineteen—"a great age to be to-day"—and the occasion is the son's first appearance in khaki, as he sets off to begin his training. The main point of the little play lies in the mutual embarrassment of an English father and son on an occasion calling for any display of feeling—a theme which the author has already handled incidentally in another

play. The thing is a trifle, but iridescent with smiles and tears. It is being enacted, with variations, not only in "any English home," but, one might almost say, in every English home.

The Stage Society has given us, as the second production of its season, a play entitled "Wanderers" by a hitherto unacted young author, Mr. C. K. Munro. It is one of those pieces which eminently justify the existence of such a society—not good enough, or bad enough, to stand any chance of commercial success, but much too good to remain unacted. There is an engaging aroma of youth about the whole production, along with many details which show a keen eye for character and some innate sense of drama. When Mr. Munro makes up his mind what he wants to say to us, and learns how to say that and not half a dozen other things, he ought to do remarkable work.

Nominally divided into three acts, the play really falls into six rather straggling scenes. The first scene, lasting about ten minutes, takes place on a lodging-house staircase, and shows how a new lodger, a bright-looking young man, is introduced by a manifestly disreputable mother to her daughter, a rather sulky slip of a girl of seventeen. The next scene takes us to the young man's home, a country vicarage, and discovers the whole large family at evening prayers. After prayers, the young man, Jack Morrison, has a discussion with his reverend father which is much the best thing in the play. The whole passage, showing the futile debate between age and youth, constantly interrupted by the incursions of a slatternly household, is technically excellent. It vaguely reminds one of Granville Barker's "Voysey Inheritance," and seems to announce as the subject of the play the eternal conflict between the older and the younger generation. But here we are on quite a wrong track. In the next scene, we find that Jack and the crude little Lily O'Brian are living together, the disreputable mother having vanished into space. Jack takes throughout a rather high moral attitude, declines to be "a slave to conventions, irrespective entirely of what use they are," and announces that "it does not matter a scrap what a fellow does, so long as he does what he thinks is right." This sounds very spirited; but he entirely omits to inform us on what grounds he thinks it right for him to have formed this rather squalid liaison. Throughout the play, indeed, we do not hear a single word of rational discussion of conduct. It is not that the characters profess to be "jenseits von Gut und Böse." The validity of moral standards is freely assumed, but no one ever gets really to grips with them.

In the next scene we go back to the vicarage, assist at an amusing tea-party, and find Master Jack behaving in a rather underbred way to a rural flirt, who, however, does all she can to deserve the treatment she receives. Returning to London, we find Jack very sick of Lily's stupidity and callousness. He says to her, in desperation, "Have you ever had a great thought in your life?"

Do you ever think of anything like an empire or history?" And when Lily shows no remorse for her barrenness of great thoughts, I am sorry to say that Jack (whose own great thoughts we have to take entirely upon trust) very brutally strikes her. All through he has shown a coltish tendency to horseplay with his female acquaintances, sometimes proceeding to the length of violent wrestling; but I must say that when he actually struck the miserable wisp of a girl, I lost interest in his spiritual and sensual history. In a last scene of revolting cynicism, again on the staircase, we find that Lily has gone upon the streets, and learn incidentally that Jack is married—to whom, we do not know. It must be said for Mr. Munro that he obviously presents the character of his hero satirically rather than sympathetically; but he has not the art to place us at the right standpoint for discerning his intentions. A curious flaw in a play of entirely realistic coloring is that we never get the least inkling as to what Jack does or intends to do in the world. We can only suppose that he sponges on his father, the poor muddle-headed vicar; in which case his high moral attitude becomes doubly grotesque.

Another play-producing society gave a performance the other day of a very interesting playlet, "The Theatre of the Soul," translated from the Russian of N. Evreinoff. "The action," says the playbill, "takes place in the Soul in the space of half a second"—and the soul in question is that of a man about to commit suicide. The whirl of contending emotions and ideas is, as it were, visualized and vocalized. The chief character is the *Passional Self*, who carries on a vehement debate with the *Rational Self*, while the *Subliminal Self* slumbers unheeding. Passion conjures up a seductive vision of the woman for whom the man has deserted his faithful wife, while Reason exhibits her in her true character of a painted virago. On the other hand, Reason shows the faithful wife in all the dignity of quiet endurance, while Passion represents her as a vixen and a scold. At last, Passion, fortified by brandy, falls upon Reason and strangles him; and then, with a sudden pistol-shot, darkness falls on the scene. But in the dimness we see the *Subliminal Self* stirring, while a figure like a conductor at a railway junction tells him that he must "change here." Rather to our surprise, he picks up his handbag and carries it with him as he goes off: one rather imagined that the *Subliminal Self* did not take any baggage in its transmigration. The little piece is not very profoundly or subtly written, but the idea is striking, and seems to suggest further development.

"THE NATURAL LAW."

This piece, which is produced by John Cort at the Republic Theatre, was banned in Boston and is presented in New York with certain scenes eliminated. In its present form it is quite inoffensive in its manner of presentation, although the subject with which it deals is decidedly unpleasant. It is quite possible that the author, Charles Sumner,

regards himself in all seriousness as a man with a mission, but his lack of equipment as a dramatist renders him inarticulate, and we come away with no very clear idea of what exactly is the moral lesson which he feels inspired to inculcate, except that he deprecates the existence of "man-made laws," and opposes to them a code, apparently based on physical attraction, which is called "the natural law." If this is really the thesis which the author wishes to expound, it is unfortunate for the sake of sweet consistency that he seems to invalidate his own conclusions by arranging in the last act a decorous marital connection between the heroine and the young man who has seduced her in the first act. We should not, however, blame Mr. Sumner overmuch, for his heroine has changed her mind on the subject of her matrimonial intentions so many times in the course of the play that the author himself might be pardoned for becoming confused as to her ultimate destination. It is unnecessary to outline the plot in greater detail. There are two climaxes—in the second and third acts—which show that the author possesses a rudimentary instinct for the dramatic, and which afford Miss Helen Holmes an opportunity of demonstrating that she is worth a better rôle, but the play as a whole, even more than most of its kind, is an exhibition of loose and muddled thinking, and in construction is crude and amateurish. The quality of the "comic relief," supplied by an elderly housekeeper, should alone have been sufficient to save it from a stage production.

S. W.

"A CELEBRATED CASE."

Without the reminder of the sterling performance of the Union Square Theatre thirty-seven years ago, to which Mr. Towse has called attention, one would have suspected that the representation of "A Celebrated Case," given last week at the Empire Theatre, was not at all distinguished. Played at present by an "all-star" cast, this old-time melodrama suffers from a misapprehension of the dramatic type. The piece is, of course, pitched in an atmosphere which is unreal, and though the construction, aside from a half-dozen improbable sequences, is remarkably good, as such things go, the success of the representation must inevitably depend upon impressive declamation and somewhat heightened acting. Even the most outstanding melodrama of this kind, "The Two Orphans," would fall flat if conceived in the spirit of modern drama. At the hands of Charles Coghlan, J. H. Stoddart, John Parselle, Agnes Booth, and Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, who, with others, made up the cast thirty-seven years ago, this play of D'Ennery and Cormon may well have carried the audience into the region of real romance.

In the production at the Empire, Elita Proctor Otis, who played the part of the Chanoinesse; Frederic de Belleville, as the Duke, and Robert Warwick, as the usurping Comte de Mornay, were the only ones who gave any adequate indication of the substantial old manner of acting. Helen Ware's interpretation of the rôle of Jean's wife was, however, effective even if too modern; it had passion and intensity. Otis Skinner, as Jean, was a disappointment. He, too, displayed intensity, but the unfortunate nasal quality which has of late got into his voice, his false elocution, and theatricality failed to arouse

the sympathy for his sad plight which it deserved. Nat Goodwin played the intriguing Denis O'Rourke in a vein of low comedy, and, though he held the audience, never became a commanding figure. The Duke's adopted daughter was played with too much flutter by Ann Murdock; possessed of every good intention, she lacked the capacity to bring out the tender depth of the part. And Florence Reed as Valentine did not live up to the reputation which she made in "The Yellow Ticket." She showed little versatility.

Yet the audience was evidently grateful to the management for this revival. It revealed instructively the degree to which the actor's instinct could be relied upon, in the older days, to give validity to situations that are brave rather than real, and to safeguard from absurdity that element which is so much a tradition of the stage—romantic melodrama.

F.

"YOU NEVER CAN TELL."

This play of Bernard Shaw's, which Arnold Daly revives at the Garrick Theatre, enjoyed a considerable popular success both in London and in New York on its original production. It was one of the first of Shaw's efforts to write a play simply for the sake of the play, and it called down on his head severe admonitions from Mr. William Archer, who seemed pained by the discovery, then apparently made for the first time, of a vein of frivolity in Mr. Shaw. On seeing the revival, one is almost tempted to agree with Mr. Archer's strictures on the play, if not altogether with his estimate of the author's proper place in the dramatic firmament. On the whole, it is perhaps not improbable that when future critics write of Mr. Shaw's plays, if they do, "You Never Can Tell" will be regarded as a very fair average specimen of the Shavian drama. Mr. Shaw himself, if we remember right, while not risking a definition of it as a comedy, has described it as being cast in the form of comedy. It is not a farce as that term is commonly understood, but it is more of a farce than anything else. It bears not the faintest relation to life, but Mr. Shaw makes it the occasion for satire on life. Satire, however, is perhaps too delicate a term to apply to the present exemplification of the Shavian method. What Mr. Shaw does is to stand with a bludgeon in the middle of the stage (you can almost see the Mephistophelian spectre behind the footlights) and hit people's heads with a fine impartiality as they come into range. The old and the new suffer equally, women's rights and men's wrongs; and, it may be added, Mr. Shaw is as careless of his own reputation as he is of other people's heads, for if at times his humor is extremely good, at other times it is equally cheap and banal. The Twins, for instance, are often amusing, but nearly as often they are exceedingly tiresome.

The play would be no more than an entertaining piece of fooling were it not for one character. In the waiter Mr. Shaw has drawn, with rare fidelity and human tenderness, a living portrait. It stands out from the crudities of the piece and the frank unreality of the other rôles as a gem of characterization, complete without a flaw. And just as it is this character that lifts the piece to a plane above that of merely ingenious farce, so it is the performance of George Giddens in the part that makes the success of the present revival. Mr. Giddens gives a perfect

rendering of a perfectly written rôle. Nothing could be more delightful than the transitions from the obsequious servant to the respectful and friendly philosopher, and back again, as executed by this veteran actor. Arnold Daly, as the irresponsible Valentine, repeats his success of some years ago, and the overpowering Walter Bohun of Montague Love is an excellent piece of work. The performances of other members of the cast are not especially noteworthy, and the Twins, doubtless with the laudable intention of conveying irrepressibility of spirits by means of furious diction, on the second night at any rate, succeeded in being unintelligible through a good deal of the performance. S. W.

"THE BUBBLE."

For some unknown reason, dramatic reviewers continue to apply the term "vehicle" to the kind of play which one goes to see entirely for the sake of the actor. Since it is not the play which carries the man, but the man who carries the play, "vehicle" does not describe it at all. Logically such a dramatic product ought to be called "the burden," or something of the sort, and in the case of Mr. Louis Mann at the Booth Theatre the suggested name would not be out of place. Mr. Mann and his German dialect are always the thing, and the plentiful amusement to be had out of the combination only sags under the burden of the semblance of a play which Mr. Edward Locke has provided. Wherever Mr. Mann takes full charge and gives us straight vaudeville the effect on the audience is exhilarating. Where "plot" and "situation" intrude it becomes wearisome. Still the fun assays high, and the "The Bubble" as a whole makes a good night's entertainment. Mathilda Cottrelly, who played the simple *Hausfrau* to Mr. Mann's eccentric delicatessen merchant, was admirable on a plane of quiet comedy. Two minor parts in a cast of five were very well done by Laura Walker and Harrison Ford. S. S.

Eben Plympton, the well-known actor, died on April 12. In his prime he was one of the ablest all-round actors in the country, although he never rose to great distinction. Born in Boston in 1853, he made his first appearance on the stage in California in 1871. Three years later he acted in support of J. L. Toole in Wallack's Theatre, and a little later he was playing prominent parts at both Wallack's and the Union Square Theatre. He was selected to play with the brilliant Adelaide Neilson, and much increased his reputation by his performances of Romeo, Sebastian, and Leonatus Posthumus. In 1882 he supported Edwin Booth in London, acting De Mauprat and other prominent parts. A year afterwards he began a memorable engagement in the Bijou Opera House, playing George D'Alroy in one of the best performances of "Caste" ever given in New York. He supported Mary Anderson in her farewell tour in 1888. When "Hamlet" was produced with a wonderful cast for the benefit of Lester Wallack, in the same year, he was chosen for Laertes, and acquitted himself admirably. In 1903 and 1905 he was the Mercutio and Sir Harcourt in star revivals of "Romeo and Juliet" and "London Assurance." Of late years his public performances occurred at longer intervals, and he faded somewhat in the public memory. But in his successive reappearances he demonstrated his old mastery

of technique and his unfailing intelligence. His performance was one of the redeeming features of "The Garden of Allah" and his "Sir Toby Belch" was the most notable achievement in a recent revival of "Twelfth Night." If he was not a great actor he was at least an uncommonly good one, with an instinctive capacity for his art, which was developed by hard work and varied experience.

Art

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

SPRING EXHIBITION—THE NEED FOR COMPETITION.

Competition is the breath of life—not in business alone. How true it is in the case of art is made clear enough at the spring exhibition of the National Academy, now open at the gallery in 57th Street, New York. It is not a particularly disappointing exhibition, though it falls short even of the level the Academy has set for itself; but it contains much matter for moralizing. And the most obvious moral is that, had the Academy only some rival near the throne, it would be considerably more worthy of respect than is at present the case. All of which goes to show that when, some nine years ago, the National Academy ate up the Society of American Artists, it condemned itself thereby to an eternity of artistic indigestion.

The most appropriate adjective wherewith to designate nine-tenths of the work shown is "respectable." It is good within its limitations; there are not more than a dozen canvases shown in which the artist has failed overtly in what he attempted. There are not fifty in which he has attempted anything worth the attempt. Were I a picture-buyer visiting the present exhibition, there are not half a dozen paintings which I should buy with any real satisfaction—and these are all little ones. One of them is in the centre gallery, Dines Carlsen's Chocolate Pot, a perfectly simple little study of still life, which yet has personality; another is Stephen Haweis's By the Sea, more ambitious yet not the less pleasing.

It is an old complaint that American Art is derivative. This impression must chiefly have been gained from the Academy and the work it shows, and it has become increasingly obvious in the past few years. The number of works in the present show which are pale copies of Sargent is positively alarming. So, in another way, is the amazing unanimity wherewith the landscapists devote themselves to snow-scenes, especially melting-snow scenes, with water in them, painted in a flat, pale, pinky-purple-gray tone which is supposed to represent atmosphere. It would be interesting to know the *fons et origo* of this unanimity. It has been successfully done before, it is true, but it cannot be easy to do successfully, judging by the results hung in 57th Street. And even were it supremely well done, there are other themes not less worthy.

If there were but a rival exhibition over the way, none of these things would or could be. Those responsible for the choice and hanging of the works shown would be forced to take their duties more seriously; artists with any hope of "arriving" would be forced to stretch

their brains, even to the point of thinking for themselves. There would arise a state of things analogous to that which has obtained in Paris, London, and Munich since the formation of the local aggressive oppositions to the official shows. No one can estimate the good, for instance, that has been done for the Royal Academy in London by the erstwhile aggressions of the New English Art Club. If there were but a New American Art Club with real virility to challenge the pale mediocrity of the National Academy as it deserves to be challenged, we might soon have a new heaven and a new earth, artistically speaking.

It is not to be supposed, of course, that there is a lack of ambitious work, but its ambitions are too suggestive of the little boy who wants to pretend he is as big as father. To take one example at hazard—even though it seem unfair to single out one example of what applies to many. There is in the Vanderbilt gallery a very large and ambitious Winged Figure, by Mr. Abbot H. Thayer, to which, incidentally, has been awarded the Saltus medal for merit. Without any key to the artist's intentions it is difficult to say whether or no he has achieved them. The painting, if we may judge by the face and general suggestion of the model, represents a typical New York young lady of the wealthier class, who has perhaps just returned from a ride in Central Park—subtly suggested by the wings—and has chosen to relapse into easier-fitting fancy clothes of semi-Grecian style. If such was the artist's intention, he has carried it out well enough, but it is difficult not to feel that he has in that case wasted a great deal of ammunition on a not very valuable mark. Another ambitious group, In Costume, by Mr. Luis Mora, is chiefly remarkable for the determination it evinces to be ambitious.

As frequently happens in portraiture, we find at once the best and the worst work shown. Seventy-five per cent. or thereabouts is of the usual level of the Academy, pretty-pretty young women, dressed in their best, and posing with a fierce energy that demands respect. But there are a few canvases really deserving of respect. There is, for example, Mr. William Cotton's Portrait of Mrs. Cotton, a striking piece of work which achieves the difficult aim of painting a woman's face with character in it, a problem which puzzled Lenbach himself. And there is Mr. Morris Molarsky's My Father, another work which realizes that a portrait must express the inside as well as the outside.

Much of the work shown frankly accepts as its mission to be pleasing to the un instructed eye, and there are a few paintings which attempt the perilous feat of using prettiness as a vehicle for something better worth while. Quite the most successful of these is Mr. Sergeant Kendall's Crosslights, a clever study of as pretty a little maiden as ever lived inside a fairy story, so arranged against a big mirror as to provide an excellent study of light and atmosphere and what our forefathers used to call the "carnations."

The landscape as a whole confines itself to that level which is neither good nor bad, ignoring the fact that a countryside or a stretch of sand-dunes has a soul as truly as has any human being, but there are one or two encouraging points about it. For one thing, it really looks as if some American artists were beginning to discover their own country. It is true that too many of them

allow themselves to be seduced by the spectacular scenery of the Yellowstone or the Colorado cañons, thereby achieving in too many cases only Christmas-card effects, but even that is more hopeful than an eternity of Cornish cliffs or Brittany fishing villages. And there are some who have the prescience to realize that New York itself is pregnant with opportunity. One of these is Mr. Edmund Greacen, who paints Fifth Avenue and paints it well. Another is Mr. Guy C. Wiggins, who pictures Riverside Drive. In this connection Mr. F. De Haven's Land of Toil, with its belching factory smoke-stacks, is noteworthy.

Of the "composition" paintings, so to put it, one of the most effective is Mr. Fernand Lungen's Au Café, with its idealization of velvet chair linings and its quaint color-scheme. Miss E. D. Paxton's Sick-bed is another sympathetic little interior. And there is humor as well as character in Mr. E. L. Blumenschein's greatly concentrated Violinist.

Were the number of works accepted confined to perhaps fifty of the best and most individual, the present exhibition would be notable enough. As there is no hope for any such drastic measures from within, it only remains to pray for the establishment of a lively, aggressive, and even savage "opposition shop over the way" at the earliest possible moment. For one thing, it may teach the Academy that even downright bad work, so long as it tells of individuality, the creative gift, is a hundred times more hopeful than respectable studies in derivation—such as through the walls in 57th Street. Life, even misdirected, is better than death, whatever Academicians may think.

O. M. HUEFFER.

Karl Theodore Francis Bitter, who died on April 10 as a result of injuries sustained when he was struck by an automobile on the preceding night in front of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, was born in Austria on December 6, 1867, and was educated at the Gymnasium and afterwards at the Academy of Fine Arts, Vienna. Coming to the United States in 1889, with but little money, he found employment with a firm of house decorators. While employed at this work he made the acquaintance of Richard Morris Hunt, the architect, who took a liking to the young workman and to whose influence and encouragement Bitter himself attributed much of his subsequent success. When he was still but a very young man he entered the competition for the Astor Memorial bronze gates of Trinity Church, won it, and with the prize was able to establish himself in a small studio on 13th Street, New York. Mr. Bitter's real opportunity came with the Chicago World's Fair, when he was commissioned to make sculptural decorations for the Administration Building, of which Mr. Hunt was the architect. Specimens of his work have adorned almost every exhibition that has been held since that time, and for the present Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco he served as chief of the department of sculpture. Among the awards won by Mr. Bitter were the silver medal of the Paris Exposition, 1900; the gold medal of the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, 1901; a gold medal at Philadelphia, 1902, and the gold medal of the St. Louis Exposition, 1904. Mr. Bitter was a member of the National Institute of Arts and Sciences, the National Academy, and of the Century Association.

Finance

THE SPECULATION ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

With its action during the past two weeks the stock market has become a matter of primary interest in itself. The salient fact of the fortnight's incidents has been that the "outside public"—at any rate, the speculative part of it—was in the market. Two weeks ago, the average daily business on the Stock Exchange was larger than in the corresponding week of any year since 1909. Last week introduced a wild speculation for the rise, with prices advancing violently, first in the "miscellaneous industrials" and then in the standard shares, with Europe selling, but the American "outside public" buying, and with a "million-share market," last Friday, for the first time since the great crash which preceded the outbreak of the war. The demonstration on the Stock Exchange was described as the first "bull market" of the sort in at least half-a-dozen years.

If a well-informed Wall Street man were asked to explain the rise to his own satisfaction, he would find no difficulty. We are the greatest neutral state in a world-war, and our diplomacy has apparently insured our maintenance of that position, with maintenance also of our national self-respect. Europe itself publicly recognizes our new position and prestige, while the war goes on, as a "world-centre" in finance. Last week's preliminary forecast by the Department of Agriculture on the prospects of the growing winter wheat crop, figured out a promise, as of April 1, only a million bushels short of the indication, a year ago, for the great crop of 1914. The preliminary figures for March, published on Tuesday of last week, show a surplus of merchandise exports over imports, for the month, \$92,000,000 above the highest previous March surplus, and in the four past months the "export excess," \$596,000,000, compares with a previous high-water mark, for any four consecutive months in our history, of \$371,000,000. We have imported, since the year began, more gold than ever before in the corresponding period.

This is a striking list of reasons; still, there is something to be set against them. First of all comes the fact of the war itself. This involves not only the question of what is happening in the war, but, perhaps even more forcibly (because an unknown quantity), the question of what will happen, whether in the political or the economic field, when the war is over. But the war has another and more immediate bearing on the problem of a "bull market."

No such market, on any considerable scale, has ever occurred in Wall Street without Europe lending a hand to it. In 1900, it is true, London sold securities back to New York in enormous quantity, the Boer War having upset her own market. But that selling, while it lasted, did actually break prices violently on our Stock Exchange. When the famous "bull movement" of 1901 was un-

der way, Europe may or may not have been an essential influence through its purchases; but it was an unmistakable factor through the enormous sums of capital raised abroad by our bankers.

At the present moment, we not only have no access whatever to the European money markets, by way of selling American stocks and bonds to them at rising prices, but we are having to buy back our securities, in even larger amounts than in 1900. An Amsterdam estimate, published in a letter of last week, was that Germany alone has sent back, since the war began, \$100,000,000 to \$200,000,000 of our securities. If London's sales have been anything like that, it would be reasonable to guess at a couple of million shares, liquidated by Europe in our market in the past four months. There is no assurance that the process will not continue, during or after the war. This uncertainty has its bearing on the question of supply and demand at a given moment in the Stock Exchange, and thereby on the question of prices.

Thus there are, after all, some rather formidable offsets, from the standpoint of a "bull market" itself. The working-out of these conflicting influences will make up a rarely interesting chapter in economic history and in the history of the Stock Exchange. There is, however, one other influence—an indeterminate influence, yet possibly an extremely powerful one—which has not been stated. There are those who believe that the actual status of the economic world at large, to-day, is one of inflation. The prodigious expansion of the German currency is a matter of common knowledge. At the Reichsbank itself, outstanding note-circulation has been increased \$761,000,000 since the war began and \$785,000,000 as compared with a year ago. How much has been issued of the "Darlehnskassenscheine," the secondary currency issued on pledge of all sorts of private property, it is impossible to say exactly; but such currency is authorized by law up to \$750,000,000, and very large sums have been put out. The French banknote currency is \$1,000,000,000 greater than it was a year ago.

England's outstanding "currency notes," it is true, are less than \$200,000,000, and the Bank of England's circulation is barely \$20,000,000 above a year ago; but in England (as, indeed, in France and Germany also) expansion of credit has been enormous, loans of the Bank being \$475,000,000 beyond 1914. In the United States there is, happily, an absence of currency inflation. The entire outstanding circulation of the new Federal Reserve notes is less than the reduction in national bank circulation, during last month alone, and the total of national banknotes in the field is not quite \$150,000,000 more than on August 1, and \$222,000,000 less than at the opening of November. But the reduction in "reserve requirements," under the new Banking law, has left New York banks a surplus reserve of \$148,000,000, where we should probably show a considerable deficiency under the old requirements.

All this situation often suggests the inquiry: Just what rôle, as a purely economic question, should such world-wide expansion of currency and credit play in financial values? Confronted though they are with the uncertainties of war and with the exhausting drain on home resources, the stock markets even of Paris, Berlin, and London have been holding strong. Semi-official denials from Berlin show that the "inflation argument" has been used, even in Germany, to explain the rise on the Berlin Stock Exchange.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

- Adams, A. H. Grocer Greatheart. Lane. \$1.25 net.
 Brady, C. T. The Eagle of the Empire. Doran. \$1.25 net.
 Dell, E. M. The Keeper of the Door. Putnam. \$1.40 net.
 Dostoevsky, F. The House of the Dead. Macmillan. \$1.50 net.
 Ervine, St. J. G. Eight o'Clock and Other Studies. Macmillan. \$1 net.
 Glass, M. The Competitive Nephew. Doubleday, Page. \$1.20 net.
 Horton, M. Bred of the Desert. Harper.
 Kellerman, B. The Tunnel. The Macaulay Co. \$1.25 net.
 Tynan, K. The Curse of Castle Eagle. Duffield. \$1.25 net.
 Vane, G. The Snare. Lane. \$1.25 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Alarcon, Don Pedro Antonia de. El Capitan Veneno. Translated by Gray Casement. Privately printed.
 Bosanquet, H. The Family. Macmillan. \$2.25 net.
 Clarke, W. J., and Dawson, F. T. Baseball: Individual Play and Team Play in Detail. Scribner. \$1 net.
 Ellison, G. An Englishwoman in a Turkish Harem. McBride, Nast. \$1.50 net.
 Ellwood, C. A. The Social Problem. Macmillan. \$1.25 net.

- Fay, P. B., and Coleman, A. Sources and Structure of Flaubert's Salammbô. Baltimore, Md.: Johns Hopkins Press.
 Leach, A. F. The Schools of Medieval England. Macmillan. \$2 net.
 Lodge, H. C. The Democracy of the Constitution. Scribner. \$1.50 net.
 Modern Essays. Selected and edited by Berdan, J. M., Schultz, J. R., and Joyce, H. E. Macmillan. \$1.25 net.
 Post, C. R. Mediaeval Spanish Allegory. Harvard Studies in Comparative Literature. Vol. LV. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.
 Ward, J. Naturalism and Agnosticism. Fourth edition. Macmillan. \$3.25 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

- Chase, J. S., and Saunders, C. F. The California Padres and Their Missions. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.50 net.
 Croce, B. What Is Living and What Is Dead of the Philosophy of Hegel. Translated from original text of the third Italian edition by Douglas Ainslie. Macmillan. \$2 net.
 Hoffding, H. Modern Philosophers. Translated by Mason, A. C. Authorized translation. Macmillan. \$1.40 net.
 Law, R. The Motions of Jesus. The Short Course series. Scribner. 60 cents net.
 Underhill, E. Ruysbroeck. Edited by G. R. S. Mead. The Quest series. Macmillan. \$1 net.
 Vaughan, B. What of To-day? McBride, Nast. \$2 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

- Bull, W. S. Money in Goats. Privately printed.
 Burdett, H. Hospitals and Charities, 1915: The Year Book of Philanthropy and Hospital Annual. London: The Scientific Press. 10s. 6d. net.
 Hull, W. I. The Monroe Doctrine: National or International? Putnam. 75 cents net.
 Reports on: Charitable and Correctional Institutions. Educational Administration. The Accounts of the State of Illinois. Administration of Labor and Mining Legislation in Illinois. Public Health Administration. Public Administration in Relation to Agriculture and Allied Interests. State of Illinois: Efficiency and Economy Committee.
 Shattuck, H. R. Shattuck's Parliamentary Answers. Lothrop, Lee. \$1 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

- Cook, T. A. Kaiser, Krupp, and Kultur. Scribner. 75 cents net.
 Emmet, T. A. Memoir of Thomas Addis and Robert Emmet. Vols. I and II. The Emmet Press.
 Gauvain, A. Les Origines de la Guerre Européenne. Paris: Librairie Armand Colin.
 Hewitt, J. H. Williams College and Foreign Missions. Boston: Pilgrim Press. \$2 net.
 Holland, C. The Belgians at Home. Macmillan. 40 cents net.
 Münsterberg, H. The Peace and America. Appleton. \$1 net.
 Narratives of the Insurrections. 1675-1690. Edited by Charles M. Andrews. Scribner. \$3 net.
 Priest, G. M. Germany Since 1740. Boston: Ginn. \$1.25 net.

TRAVEL.

- Faur, F. du. The Conquest of Mount Cook and Other Climbs. Scribner.
 Steele, S. B. Forty Years in Canada. Dodd, Mead.

POETRY.

- A. E. Collected Poems. Macmillan. \$2 net.
 Frost, R. A Boy's Will. Holt.
 Thomson, O. R. H. Resurgam: Poems and Lyrics. Philadelphia: William M. Bains.

SCIENCE.

- Bruce, N. A. Psychology and Parenthood. Dodd, Mead. \$1.25 net.
 Keller, A. G. Societal Evolution. Macmillan. \$1.50 net.
 Williams, F. Dainties for Home Parties. Harper.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

- Berlioz, H. Gluck and His Operas, with an Account of Their Relation to Musical Art. Translated from French by Evans, E. Scribner.
 Newton, R. H. The Mysticism of Music. Putnam.
 Sardou, V. Patrie. Vol. IX. Drama League series. Doubleday, Page. 75 cents net.

JUVENILE.

- Brown, E. A. Arnold's Little Brother. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.
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Circulation, etc., Required by the
Act of August 24, 1912

of The Nation, published weekly, every Thursday, at
New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1915.
Name of Post Office Address.
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York, N. Y.
Managing Editor—Harold deWolf Fuller, 1 East 9th
Street, New York, N. Y.
Business Manager—Emil M. Scholz, 162 West 54th
Street, New York, N. Y.
Publisher—Emil M. Scholz, 162 West 54th Street, New
York, N. Y.
Owner—New York Evening Post Company, 20 Vesey
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